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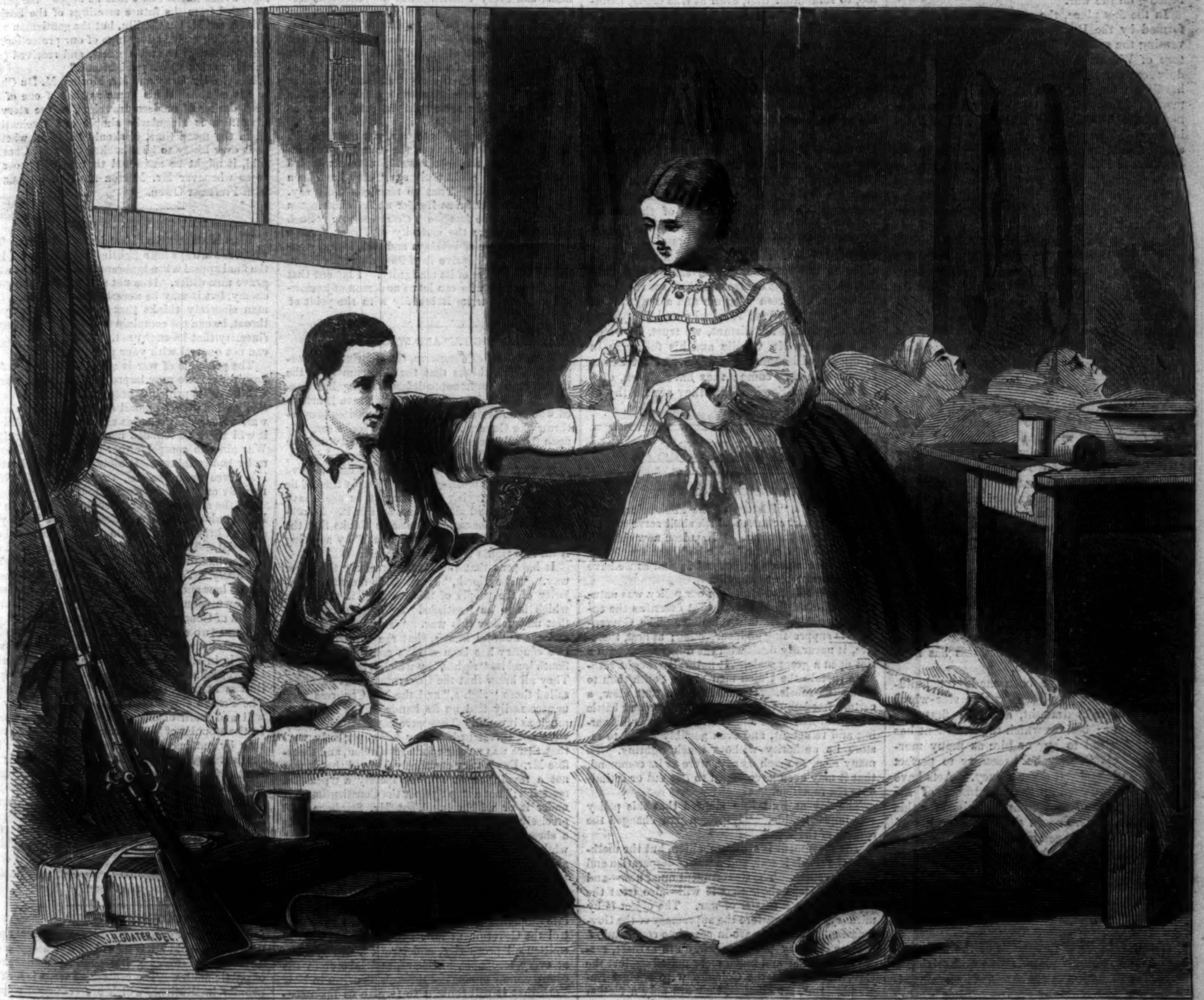


THE WOUNDED ZOUAVE IN THE HOSPITAL AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 522.]—THE HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AT WASHINGTON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 17, 1861.

THE WORK OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

BEFORE this paper reaches its readers Congress will have adjourned, after a brief session of rather more than a month. It has been, in many respects, the most momentous session of Congress in our history; and, we are happy to add, it has been one to which every patriotic citizen can look back with satisfaction and pride.

By a very proper resolution, adopted shortly after the organization, the business of the session was restricted to the subject which obliged the President to convene Congress in July. No time has been wasted in irrelevant discussions, and no measures have been passed but those bearing on the war.

In the first place, the unauthorized acts performed by the President with a view of preventing the spread of the rebellion and the capture of Washington by the rebels, have been duly confirmed and ratified. This, perhaps, was hardly necessary. Though ours is a Government of delegated powers, and we have a written charter limiting the authority of the President, still it would be absurd to urge that, in a case of vital and instant necessity, the President ought rather to allow the Government to go to pieces than assume powers not expressly delegated to him. The letter must sometimes yield to the spirit of the law. Every one can see that if Mr. Lincoln had not exceeded his authority, Jefferson Davis would have fulfilled his boast of ruling in Washington by the middle of May, and the nation would have gone to pieces. Is any further justification needed for Mr. Lincoln's conduct? Leading members of Congress thought not, and voted a bill of ratification—not because it was necessary, or because Congress had any power to make that legal which was in itself illegal; but simply in order to share Mr. Lincoln's honorable responsibility.

The President has been authorized, by each of two concurrent Acts, to call into the field an army of 500,000 men, and various important Acts have been passed to promote the efficiency of this army. We have not space to discuss these in detail; we may mention, however, that the President has been authorized to remove incompetent officers, and that a judicious scheme has been adopted for securing the retirement of officers who are superannuated. Five hundred thousand Northern men ought to suffice to crush out treason and rebellion in a far shorter period of time than three years, which is the term of service for most of the volunteers called into the field. In all probability the work will be done in a year, and with less than three-fourths of the authorized force. But Congress has been wisely prodigal of resources.

Appropriations have been made for building twenty-three gun-boats, twelve side-wheel steamers of light draught, and four first-class sloops of war; besides which the President has been authorized to buy or hire as many merchant vessels as may be necessary to perfect the blockade and put down piracy. Acts have been passed directing the enlistment of the proper number of seamen and marines for this naval force. Here again the wise liberality of Congress is to be commended. There is no stint to the power conferred upon the President in regard to the navy. He may have a thousand vessels in commission by November if he needs them. If a deficiency should arise either in our land or our naval force, the fault will not rest with Congress.

To provide for the expenses of the war various Acts have been passed: one authorizing a loan of $250,000,000, to be obtained by issuing either 7 per cent. bonds or Treasury Notes bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest, and an issue of $20,000,000 of Treasury Notes bearing no interest; another authorizing the issue of $20,000,000 of 6 per cent. Treasury Notes convertible into 6 per cent. stock; another imposing a direct tax on incomes and various kinds of property; another increasing customs duties, etc., etc. At the time we write it is impossible to state accurately what aggregate amount of money will be raised by these various Acts. But it can not fall short of $350,000,000, and it may amount to $400,000,000. So far, therefore, as money is concerned, Congress has been lavish. Opinions differ with regard to the wisdom of some provisions in the Loan Act. But there is no doubt that, under it, Mr. Lincoln will obtain ample present means for the prosecution of the war, and this being secured, matters of detail may for the present be dismissed from consideration.

Acts have been passed providing for the punishment of conspiracy against the Government; for the collection of duties on shipboard where collectors can not perform their duties ashore; for the closing of rebel ports; and for the confiscation of property—including slaves—employed by rebels in the war against the Government. This last measure is the only one which refers in any way to the original cause of the war. A resolution passed the House declaring that it was no part of the duty of United States soldiers to recapture fugitive slaves; but another resolution also passed, declaring that the war is prosecuted solely for the re-establishment of the authority of the Government—thus tacitly admitting that our troops are not designed to interfere with the slave institution. The subject of the future relations of the Government with slavery was by general consent deferred till the winter session. When we have added that resolutions passed the Senate expelling the senators from the seceded States, while a resolution passed the House expelling a member now in arms against the Government, we shall have enumerated all the leading measures of the extra session.

It has been eminently a fruitful and a satisfactory session. With few exceptions, members have been animated by hearty patriotism and sound common sense. No time has been wasted in idle debate. Never was there less speech-making for buncombe. It is pleasant, too, to remember that, even at this crisis, members showed a sufficiently keen sense of the value of liberty of speech to refrain from gagging the traitors who were insolent enough to parade their treason in the halls of Congress. Mr. Benjamin Wood, the member whose political and commercial career reflect such honor on this city, has not favored the country with his views, except by his votes, which have always been against his country: but Messrs. Breckinridge, Vallandigham, Burnett, and a few others have talked treason to their heart's content without let or hindrance. It is better so. To have expelled Vallandigham or Burnett would have made martyrs of them, and might have kept them alive. Now they will go back to their people with the brand of treason on their brow, and a record which will sink them to the lowest depth of shame and contempt. In bright contrast with them stand the new members from Virginia and a majority of the delegations from Kentucky and Maryland. The day is not far distant, we trust, in which such men as Mr. Carlile and his followers in Congress will control the destiny of the States from which they come; they have shown, during this Extra Session, that they are worthy of the trust.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NECESSITY OF WAR.

In Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" there is a short sentence which shall serve us as a text for a short sermon. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war." He had been taught by circumstances as every general is, and as we have been in our present struggle.

Up to the day at Bull Run our policy was naturally indicated by the word that describes the enemy's position. It is a rebellion. The Government is suppressing an insurrection; at first, therefore, it naturally dealt with the difficulty as with a riot upon a great scale. It naturally sought rather to sustain the Union men at the South than to strike the rebels. It permitted, in that view, a certain freedom of intercourse. It accepted battle when and where the enemy chose. It was forbearing and reluctant, and even possibly hoped to restore its authority without much fighting. So many men, so much money, were at its command, that it may even have hoped to tire out or intimidate the rebellion.

The day at Bull Run showed that this policy was impracticable. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war."

The movement is still a rebellion, but the method of the rebels is war, and a war of desperation and vindictiveness. The Government must now—and its recent steps show that it will—also treat the suppression as a matter of war. The object is by military force to restore the supremacy of the Government. The rebels are in complete command of the section they possess. They are earnest, resolute, devoted; and much more united against the Government than the Colonies were against England. But, for all that, they are only a faction of citizens aiming to destroy the Government of the whole.

Their section will, therefore, doubtless be treated like the country of an enemy. It will be absolutely blockaded by land and sea. All communication with the loyal part of the country will be cut off. Instead of allowing the rebels to hold their great force in Virginia, where they wish to be and where they prefer to fight us, we shall decline to allow them to choose the battle-field and take position upon it; but by sudden descents along their coast, by threatening and destroying their cities and towns, incessantly harass them in the rear, and compel a retreat, or insure the demoralization of their army in Virginia. If the men from the Gulf States know that their homes are in danger they will leave Virginia to defend herself and fly homeward.

The rebels have appealed to war against the Government of the whole people: let them abide the result of their appeal. Their rebellion is to be suppressed at every cost. If the landing of our soldiers upon their coasts agitates their slaves—it is they who have done it, for they can not suppose that in appealing to war they were to have all of its advantages and none of its pains. They have made this war that they might extend slavery. Should their slaves rise, they would understand one of many reasons why the people would not suffer this nation to be at the mercy of such a system. If what they boast as their strength shall prove to be their weakness, it is not the fault of the people who did not raise their hands until they were compelled. If their crops are destroyed, if their trade is ruined, if their homes are laid desolate—they have only themselves to accuse and curse. We wanted no war—we asked for no war—we disbelieved in the necessity of war—and up to the day of Bull Run we secretly supposed that still the worst of war might be avoided.

They have opened our eyes fully at last. Let no man grieve that it was done so slowly. Let no man regret that his Government refused to believe in the total, bloody, mad treachery of so many citizens. From the fearful day at Bull Run dates war. Not polite war, not incredulous war, not conciliatory war, but war that breaks hearts and blights homes; war that by bloody and terrible blows teaches causeless rebellion that it shall suffer in mind, body, and estate, and that wherever it can be harmed there the blow shall fall, until, in absolute submission, it shall sue for peace.

And for the security of the men still loyal among the traitors this course will be the swiftest and surest. War can make no discrimination. The shell that bursts in the city streets destroys alike the life and the property of the rebel and the true man; and every Union man in the rebellious section will see and approve the sharp necessity.

He will say as John Hancock said when Boston was to be bombarded—"All that I have is in that city—but I give it willingly." He will say what John Jay said, all of whose property was in Westchester. "I wish our army well stationed in the Highlands, *and all the lower country desolated.*" The times demand the same spirit in patriots now as then.

For since the appeal is to war, war must decide. There is not a loyal man in the country whose indignation with the rebels would not be mingled with pity, if he could truly say "they have been greatly wronged." That no man can truly say. He can only exclaim as Landor makes Washington say in one of the *Imaginary Conversations*: "Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword."

"RIGHTS" AND WRONGS.

The *Journal of Commerce*, the Bourbon of newspapers, which thinks that the Government of the United States ought not to defend itself against treason, which is smitten with horror if a man is arrested who is notoriously engaged in measures to overthrow the Government, and which looks serenely upon the seizure of United States property and the outrage of the United States flag by armed rebels, suggests that a convention should be held to save the Union by promising Mr. Jeff Davis that, if he will only stop trying to destroy it, he shall have his own way, and all that he wants in it. In other words, the *Journal of Commerce* thinks that the country ought to satisfy "the South" by assuring it that its rights will not be assailed.

It happens that the case is precisely the other way. "The North," by which is meant the majority of the people of this country, is the party which is to be "satisfied" by any arrangement that may follow this war. "The South" knows, and the Journal knows, that the Government of this country has been always controlled by "the South" and its "rights," by which it means slavery. They all know that the Government has never assailed those "rights," and the last Congress very unnecessarily tied up its hands in the matter as much as it could. They were not assailed. They were not threatened. They knew perfectly well that there was no cause for a revolution, and therefore Mr. Davis very cunningly insisted that it was not a revolution at all, but merely a "peaceful secession;" not a step against the Constitution, but under it or within it. That Mr. Stephens said precisely the opposite was not surprising, for he is a shrewder man than his chief, and knew that while "secession" is simple folly, revolution may always hope to gain dignity by success.

"The South" having shown what respect it has for constitutional government, for national honor, and for private faith; having plunged the country into desperate war because it could no longer control the Government for its own interest; having smitten all prosperity, and struck a deadly blow at every mechanic, merchant, and laborer in the country, now announces through its organ in New York that it will consent to forgive us upon condition of our guarantee that it shall have its old control of national affairs.

To state the thing is to settle it. But "the South" might as well understand now as later, that "the North," after conquering this rebellion, means to have guarantees for its rights. These rights are the constitutional privileges of every American citizen; his right of going freely every where in the country, and of freely expressing every where his opinion: the same right that "the South" has always enjoyed, and as the *Journal of Commerce* daily proves, does still enjoy at "the North." Those rights are symbolized by the flag, and to their protection the Government is pledged by its very existence, any thing in any State law to the contrary notwithstanding.

After this war is over, "the South," and the *Journal of Commerce*, and Messrs. Breckinridge, Burnett, Vallandigham, Wood, & Co., will find that the rights of the people, of liberty, and of a firm government, will be considered and secured before the "right" of a faction to break up the Government when they are defeated in an election.

OUR BANNER IN THE SKY.

Church's little picture, which Goupil & Co. have printed in colors, is a visible image of the American mind at this moment. Faith, symbolized by our flag, flames in the forehead of the morning sky. It is a lovely and pardonable conceit of the painter to hint in this way the justice of our cause. With stars and gleaming vapor he writes our story on the sky. The heavens approve. Good men applaud. We fight the good fight of our fathers and the freedom they have left us, against a monstrous despotism and causeless rebellion, which wages a bloody and inhuman war. And mad ambition might as well hope to steal those stars and stripes of light from the heavens as to pluck from the great heroic heart and hand of this nation the triumph and the peace that the stars and stripes prefigure.

THE GORILLA WAR.

Dr. John Edward Gray writes a reply to Mr. John Murray, on the 6th of July, reaffirming the "many inaccuracies" and "extraordinary contradictions" which he thinks he has found in M. Du Chaillu's book; and the *Athenæum*, in which so much of the war has been waged, declares that it can not allow the contest to go on longer in its pages.

Captain Burton, meanwhile, himself an eminent African traveler and member of the Ethnological Society, at the meeting of which the exasperated Du Chaillu was so entirely mastered by his feelings, writes to the *Times* that he hopes "the person excluded from the future meetings of the Society will be, not M. Du Chaillu, but the gentleman who, after taking undue advantage of our protection, insulted a foreigner and a guest, and received (and quietly pocketed) his punishment."

Despite Dr. Gray and Mr. Morton, M. Du Chaillu has established his name as that of one of the most daring of modern travelers, whose story of adventure is singularly simple and fascinating. If, in the mean time, it should be asked whether he is ever likely to be mistaken for Lord Chesterfield, it might be answered that he will probably be so whenever Mr. Morton shall be confounded with Professor Owen.

THE CONDITIONS OF WAR.

War is among the oldest historical facts. The world has always been fighting more or less. It is the final appeal when ignorant men quarrel or when grave men differ. It is not necessary to hate your enemy, but it may be necessary to kill him. If a man sincerely thinks that he ought to cut your throat, he can not complain if you think with equal sincerity that he ought not. And if he persist, he can not quarrel with your persistence.

The principle of war is always the same. And however science may improve the means of war, it will leave its principle untouched. And however civilization and the moral sentiments may abolish war, so long as it remains any where unabolished, it will there be founded upon the same principle. War aims to compel, either by the force of terror or by bodily injury. It aims to fall with irresistible force upon the foe, that he may be either morally or physically conquered.

To the success of war, therefore, whether in the half-fabulous early era of Rome, or the latest year of the Christian era, certain points are cardinal and essential. Two of them, and after the grand one of adequate force, the most essential are *secrecy* and *unanimity*. You can not fight so well if the enemy knows how and where you are going to strike, or if you own counsels are distracted, or if you have a Board of Generals instead of one leader.

These two conditions have always been forcibly secured by every nation which undertook war. War is in its nature despotic, and must therefore be directed absolutely. When the Roman Republic was in peril, it named a Dictator *pro hac vice*. The French Revolution was quelled only by the will and word of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte. In the troubles of '48 in France, peace was restored only by putting the supreme military power into the hands of Cavaignac. In our Revolution the most serious impediment in the path of Washington was not the enemy so much as the Congress which criticised, doubted, and questioned his conduct of the war.

What then? Shall we have a Dictator? Certainly not; for the danger with him would be greater than the chance of delay and defeat without him. Let us pass on to another paragraph to answer the question, what then?

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

Neither our system, our education, nor our common sense would allow us to desire or accept a dictator or any supreme, irresponsible management of public affairs. The contest we wage is for free, popular institutions, which are confessedly based upon the rights of men. The most absolute freedom of discussion is one of the chief of those rights. By consequence, another of them is immunity from legal pursuit, except for overt acts of treason. Properly speaking, our Constitution takes no cognizance of thoughts or words. A man may openly think and say that he considers a Republic a failure, and that he heartily desires a King. But he is still not a traitor, under the Constitution. He is defended to the last in his full right of saying so if he wishes: and he is justly defended.

But when we engage in war, or in the suppression of a sectional rebellion upon so great a scale that it is virtually war, we undertake to use a machine whose efficiency depends, as it has always depended, upon the same things—adequate force, secrecy, and unanimity. The force is supplied by the glad enthusiasm of the people. It is, as becomes our system, voluntary. And so must the other two be. They must be entirely voluntary. And since we can not have, and ought not to have a law restraining the expression of opinion—it must be left to the patriotic good sense of the people. Neither to please the enemy nor embarrass ourselves by an incessant carping and quibbling at the management of our affairs. What *is* carping and quibbling is precisely the point to be left to the general common sense.

Our system presupposes enough discretion in the citizens not to destroy itself. It implies in its very nature that liberty does not necessarily decline into licentiousness. Its very claim is that

you may leave to the good sense of intelligent people what has been hitherto enforced by law. It assumes, for instance, that the freedom of the press or of speech will not be abused to the detriment of the common weal; and that men of sense will see that the friends of a cause may do as much harm to it by indiscretion as its enemies by direct and open attack.

But while this is true of the free expression of opinion, the public safety requires that no useful information shall be communicated to the enemy, and that all direct appeals to force which aid and comfort treason shall be stopped, and they should be stopped in the manner which seems to be most effectual. This has been done in St. Louis, and should be done every where that the necessity exists.

With the epigrammatic terseness which is peculiar to his style the President asks in his Message the very question of questions which we in this country are engaged in answering: "Must a government, of necessity, be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?"

It will be proved too weak if the citizens, when war is upon them, disregard the first principles of success.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD would like to know why her maxims should not be read as well as those of her old lord and master. All women are not weak-minded; *quite the reverse.*

MRS. R. is quite convinced that the gallantry of *Mr. Punch* will induce him to do her justice, by opening his brilliant columns to a few of her good things.

The following are by no means her best:

We can all bear with resignation a rent in the dress of our very dearest friend.

We should, indeed, be often ashamed of the noble devotion and self-sacrifice with which we give ourselves away, were it always possible for the happy man to know *why* we pass into the temple of Hymen.

We are really not answerable for our defects, and they are to be pardoned; but when we see a friend endeavoring, by base arts, to hide the *maladresses* of nature, we are justified in proclaiming the attempted deceit to the world.

We are jealous of men whom we love; and of women whom we hate.

Bracelets and ear-rings are to women what stars and garters are to men. Women are vain of their persons; men of their actions. Yet the men cry "Poor weak woman!"

It is difficult to announce the birth of love to another; but how much more difficult to declare that he is dead!

It requires the most consummate tact to hate politely.

Our laziness often keeps us in the path of duty where our parents dropped us. But if the world *will* cry "Bravo!" why should *we* say "Hush!"

Generally, when we praise any body, if we search our motives we shall find that we are returning them only a very small percentage of the admiration they have expressed for ourselves. If a friend praises our dress and carriage, we handsomely find that her gloves are not *quite* so ill-fitting as they usually are.

Better be despised than ridiculed. Very great criminals have had exquisite taste in dress.

PHILOSOPHY ON THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK.—Prosperity, they say, is much more trying than Adversity. As with Man, so it is with Meat. In adverse weather, it will keep sweet for a long time; but only let there be a long succession of sunshine, and see how quickly it goes to the bad!

A PERPETUAL MOTION

(Until one of the Parties dies).

TO MOVE:—for the Returns of all the Birth-days of a Lady who positively declares she is not a day older than thirty-two.

CLEAR AS MUD.—The Abbé Cruice has lately been preferred to the See of Marseilles. This ecclesiastic, according to the *Courrier de Marseille*, "is of Irish descent, and the author of several esteemed works, remarkable for the qualities of their style and the clearness of their ideas." The clearness of the ideas contained in the works of Bishop Cruice is perhaps the strongest possible evidence, next to an authenticated pedigree, of his Irish descent.

Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows, and frills merely to gratify their mammas—that's all.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination was asked by a professor, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?" "By the question he would ask," said Mr. E——.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?"

"Ours stands on the mantle-piece, right agin the plastering."

"Hallo!" said a farmer to a rustic who was crossing a turnip-field, "did you not read the board at the gate?"

"Yes," was the reply; "you are not to trespass, which makes me wonder to see you here."

"The other day, at the Central Criminal Court, a prisoner was upon his trial, and at the conclusion of it he was told that the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit; "that's just my conviction."

An English lady, who went to make purchases in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro shopman as "massa;" whereupon her sable follower exclaimed, with a look of infinite contempt, "Why for you speak such bad English—no grammar, sabby? Why for you call my missus massa? Stupid fellah—him's a she!"

A little three-year-old boy, already set apart for a lawyer's calling, being taken in hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear; you come see if I did." Sure enough he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

"Mr. Dentist, do you see that decayed tooth?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, I want you to pull it, provided it don't hurt too much." "Yes, Sir?" "Well, now put on the tweezers; if it hurts bad I'll sing out, and you'll hold on, won't you?" "Yes, Sir?" (Dentist takes hold with his instrument.) "H-o-l-d on! You've not only pulled the tooth, but half of my jaw-bone. Why didn't you let go when I sung out?" "Because you told me to hold on!"

"What is the meaning of *lost* in French?" said a cab-driver to a foreign gentleman. "*Perdu,*" answered the gentleman. "Well, then, your trunk is *perdu,*" said the cab-driver.

Those who lack a good natural character may be sure they can not long sustain, without detection, an artificial one.

Theodore Hook, after having been frightfully crammed at an aldermanic feed, being asked to be helped again, replied, "No, thank you, I don't want any more: but I will take the rest in money, if you please."

TO GET A DUCK FOR DINNER.—Jump into the river.

DRILLING.

Sweet Amy ask'd, with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your captain say—
I should so like to drill you!"

"What! little one, *you* take command!
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing:
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this, 'Squad—Stand at ease.'"
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see!
And then I need scarce mention,
The next command you have to give
Is this one, 'Squad—Attention!'

"Now, Amy, smartly, after me
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?),
Forward—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right Dress—
There, now, I'm close before you.

"Present arms—Well, it does look odd,
You don't believe I'd trifle;
We hold our arms out just like this,
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say, 'Salute your officer.'"
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you?
I thought that you were at some trick,
You horrid cheating man, you."

Charles "order'd arms;" without command
She smooth'd her rumpled hair,
And pouted, frown'd, and blush'd, and then
Said softly—"As you were!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 30th July, in the Senate, the resolution approving of the acts of the President was taken up, and postponed. The Tariff Bill was passed by a vote of 22 to 19. A message was received from the House asking a committee of conference, which was granted. The bill to suppress insurrection was taken up, and postponed after discussion. On the announcement that the House had passed the Tax Bill, the Senate took it up, and referred it to the Committee on Finance. A long debate took place on a report from the Conference Committee with regard to the construction of steel-clad war vessels. During the discussion the Senate found itself without a quorum, and adjourned.——In the House, the Military Committee reported the bill adding to the West Point cadets a number equal to that of the Senators in Congress, giving the President power to fill the vacancies caused by the rebellion in the Southern States, and requiring all cadets to take the oath of allegiance; passed. The bill for making a temporary addition to the number of pupils in the Naval Academy was also passed; likewise a bill authorizing the construction by the Navy Department of twelve small side-wheel steamers, and appropriating twelve hundred thousand dollars therefor. The House also passed the bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to soldiers in the District of Columbia, and that for the punishment of frauds on the part of government contractors. A report from the Select Committee appointed to ascertain the number and names of persons in Government employ known to be inimical to the Union cause and in league with the traitors, states that the action of the House in instituting this examination with regard to the *personnel* of the Departments is fully justified by the facts. A bill to define and punish unlawful communication with the enemies of the Union was introduced and referred.

On Wednesday, 31st July, in the Senate, the bill in relation to the superintendents of navy-yards was taken up, discussed at some length, and passed. The bill supplementary to the act to increase the military establishment was passed. A bill was introduced, and referred to the Committee on Commerce, for the repeal of the fishing bounties. The bill to increase our consular representatives abroad during the continuance of the rebellion was passed. The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill providing for the construction of steel-clad war vessels was considered. All the amendments of the House, excepting the one in reference to uncompleted vessels, was agreed to, when a new Conference Committee was appointed, and the subject laid over.——The House passed the Senate bill transferring the control over District Attorneys and Marshals from the Secretary of the Interior to the Attorney-General; also a bill providing for the monthly payment of the troops. A resolution was adopted reprobating the retention in office of rebel sympathizers. A bill was introduced to give bounty land warrants to the soldiers of the present war, and granting homesteads to actual settlers.

On Thursday, August 1, in the Senate, a bill appropriating $100,000 for field fortifications for the defense of the capital was passed. The bill also prohibits flogging in the army. The bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces was also passed; likewise a bill reducing consular fees on vessels running to or between foreign ports. A bill for the organization of the volunteer militia was reported, and its consideration postponed till the first Monday in December. Notice was given of a bill declaring unconstitutional the act retroceding a portion of the District of Columbia to Virginia. The bill to punish fraud on the part of officers making contracts for the Government, which was returned from the House with amendments, was taken up and passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the bill for the better organization of the army was adopted, and the bill passed. The bill providing for the suppression of insurrection was taken up, and a spirited discussion followed. A motion to postpone the subject till December was defeated by a vote of 16 against 28. The Conference Committee on the Supplemental Loan bill made a report, which was adopted, and the bill passed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House a bill was passed authorizing enlistment in the navy for the war. The bill appropriating $100,000 for field fortifications for the defense of the capital was passed. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Conference on the Supplemental Loan bill, made a report explaining that the disagreements of the two Houses had been compromised. The report was adopted by 83 against 34. The Senate bill appropriating $10,000,000 for the purchase and manufacture of arms, ordnance, and ordnance stores was passed. A bill enabling the Secretary of the Treasury to charter and purchase additional vessels for the revenue service was passed. An appropriation of $300,000 for ordnance for the navy was agreed to. The question as to who is responsible for the advance of the army in Virginia, and the disaster at Bull Run, was brought up by Mr. Blair. Mr. Richardson made some explanations respecting the remarks of General Scott on the subject of the battle. He (Mr. Richardson) did not understand General Scott as implying that the President forced him to fight the battle.

On Friday, August 2, in the Senate, the bill authorizing the charter or purchase of additional vessels for the revenue marine was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of twelve small side-wheel war steamers. A bill repealing the act retroceding Alexandria to Virginia was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The joint resolution approving the acts of the President in suppressing the rebellion was taken up, briefly discussed, and laid aside in order to take up the report of the Conference Committee on the disagreeing votes upon the Tariff and Direct Tax bills, which was adopted by a vote of 34 to 8. A number of appropriations were agreed to, including $20,000,000 for organizing volunteers, and $30,000 for naval night signals.——In the House, a joint resolution was adopted thanking the soldiers of the republic for their loyalty and devotion. The Judiciary Committee reported a substitute for the Senate bill to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, which was rejected. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, offered an amendment which was finally rejected. Further discussion ensued, and on motion of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, the bill was recommitted, by a vote of 60 against 48. The chairman of the Conference Committee on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the Tariff and Direct Tax bills made a report, which was adopted by a vote of 89 against 39. A bill punishing with fine and imprisonment persons guilty of enlisting men for service against the United States was passed.

On Saturday, August 3, in the Senate, a memorial from the Maryland Legislature, relative to the arrest of Ross Winans by the United States military authorities, was ordered to be printed. The Military Committee reported the bill requiring monthly payments of the troops, with a recommendation that it do not pass, which was agreed to; and a resolution was adopted recommending the Secretary of War to pay the volunteers monthly whenever practicable. The bill supplementary to the act to protect commerce and punish piracy was passed.——In the House, the Military Committee reported back the Senate bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces, by authorizing the President to discharge from the service any commissioned volunteer officer for incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty. The committee reported a substitute, applying the principles of the bill to the officers of the regular army, as well as to those of the volunteers, the dismissals to take place with the instituting of a board of inquiry or a court-martial. The substitute was rejected, and the original bill laid on the table. The Judiciary Committee reported back the Senate bill confiscating property used for insurrectionary purposes, with an amendment in effect confiscating all slaves employed in the military or naval service of the rebels, and the bill, as amended, passed by a vote of 60 against 48. The President communicated to the House a dispatch from Hon. Alfred Ely, a member from New York, stating that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels at Richmond. A call was made for information with reference to the charges against Mr. Harvey, our Minister to Portugal, who is accused of holding correspondence with the enemy.

BEGINNING OF THE M'CLELLAN REGIME.

General M'Clellan has issued his two first orders as Commander of the Army of the Potomac. Order number one announces the appointment of his staff, and they comprise a body of excellent and efficient officers. Order number two embodies the first step toward reorganizing the army. It commands the instant return to their several camps of the officers and soldiers scattered around Washington at hotels and boarding-houses, reminding them that duty requires their presence at the head-quarters of their regiments, to restore order and discipline among the men. Colonel Porter is appointed Provost Marshal to carry out this order, and he has already begun his work by closing up the liquor saloons in the capital, around which much drunkenness and riotous conduct has existed for some days past.

GENERAL FREMONT IN THE WEST.

The people will not be disappointed in the new Commander of the Department of the West. Within a week General Frémont organized and sent from St. Louis to Cairo a fleet of eight steamers, four regiments of infantry, two companies of artillery, and several detached companies of infantry. This is something like work.

WISE DRIVEN OUT OF THE KANAWHA VALLEY.

An official dispatch received at the War Department last week from Brigadier-General Rosencranz states that General Cox, with his Union troops, who was following Wise, reached Gawley Bridge on Monday the 29th ult., where the Gawley and New rivers conjoin to form the Kanawha, and that Governor Wise fled before them without showing fight, leaving 1000 muskets and several kegs of powder in the hands of General Cox's troops. Wise destroyed the bridge behind him to prevent pursuit. It was said that Governor Wise's soldiers were deserting him in large numbers, in consequence of the destruction of property which he permitted on his march. General Rosencranz says that the Kanawha valley is now entirely free from rebels.

OUR NEW GENERALS.

A number of the new military appointments are understood to have been confirmed by the Senate—among them those of Major-Generals Fremont, M'Clellan, Dix, and Banks, and Brigadier-Generals Hooker, Curtis, M'Call, Sherman, Lander, Kelly, Kearney, Pope, Heintzelman, Porter, Stone, Reynolds, Hunter, Franklin, Rosencranz, Buell, Mansfield, M'Dowell, and Meigs.

WEEDING OUT UNFIT OFFICERS.

The organization of a Military Board of examination into the qualifications of officers is beginning already to operate with good effect. Several resignations of officers in volunteer regiments have been tendered, the recipients of commissions not feeling themselves equal to the test of such a rigid examination as they will be compelled to undergo by the Military Board. By an order just issued from the War Department all officers are required to report themselves for examination, and those who do not so report will be considered as having vacated their positions, and the vacancies will be filled at once by the Department.

COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE ENEMY.

The commissioners who were dispatched with a flag of truce to the rebel army at Fairfax by the Secretary of War, to request the delivery of his brother's body (Colonel Cameron, of the Seventy-ninth Highland regiment) have returned to Washington without effecting the object of their mission. They report that every kindness and courtesy were shown them by Colonel Stewart, the officer in command at Fairfax Court House, but their communication having been addressed, not to any particular individual, but to "whom it may concern," they were unable to obtain the remains of Colonel Cameron.

HOW THE REBELS GET SUPPLIES.

An order of General Beauregard addressed to Colonel Rust, military commandant of the rebel district of Loudon County, Virginia, in which the General asks for supplies of corn, wagons, and teams for the use of the army, has been published. He expresses the hope that no difficulty will be found in complying with this demand, and that all classes of citizens will contribute their quota; but hints, very significantly, that, if necessary, constraint must be employed with all such people as are forgetful of their obligations to that army which "has gloriously maintained the independence and sovereignty of Virginia, and has driven back, in ignominious flight, the invaders of her soil."

WHO COMPOSE THE REBEL ARMY.

The New Orleans *True Delta* incidentally asserts that "three-fourths of the gallant men from this city and State who have abandoned family and home, and all that is dear to man, to march to the battle-field in defense of Southern rights and Southern honor, are Irishmen."

NO MORE LIQUOR AT FORTRESS MONROE.

General Butler is so much in earnest in his zeal for the promotion of temperance and discipline in the forces under his command that he not only staves the whisky barrels and drives the grog-selling sutlers out of camp, but he insists upon his officers pledging themselves not to touch the pernicious cup, and, by way of example, banishes it from his own quarters. The demoralizing effects of free drinking upon his soldiers have admonished him that he must take measures accordingly; and we congratulate the General that he has gone the right way about it. We trust his example may be imitated by other commanding officers.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH FUGITIVE SLAVES?

General Butler, in the course of a letter to Secretary Cameron on the subject of the "contraband" at Fortress Monroe, asks: "Are these men, women, and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women, and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status?* When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met, as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly can not be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance, rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation [illegible] be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and, to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? but we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property, and will assume no such ownership; has not, therefore, all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become thereupon men, women, and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relicts of fugitive masters, have they not, by their masters' acts and the state of war, assumed the condition which we hold to be the normal one of those made in God's image? Is not every constitutional, legal, and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free-born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

"Of course if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women, and children, houseless, homeless, and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of men, women, and children who, for their attachment to the Union, had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States.

DOES THE GOVERNMENT MEAN TO HOLD SLAVES?

"I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated, that an order had been issued by General M'Dowell in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all military departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein; or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? How shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free-born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel intrenchments? If he has so labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked?

"I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the Government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

"In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a State of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, beside being the cause of the war; and if, in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration."

PRINCE NAPOLEON AT WASHINGTON.

Prince Napoleon arrived at Washington Friday evening from Philadelphia, and repaired immediately to the house of the French minister at Georgetown without attracting any extra attention.

He passed the evening quietly at the house of the Minister, where he has decided to remain while at Washington, having declined the polite offer of the President to lodge at the White House.

On Saturday he called on the President at twelve o'clock, and was duly presented by the Secretary of State. The President received the Prince with marked courtesy, and welcomed him to the country in a few simple but hearty words of compliment. Without seeking, he said, to attach to this flattering visit of one so closely allied to the French throne, at this solemn crisis of the country's history, an undue importance, he could but feel that his presence at the capital was a guarantee of the friendly interest and generous sympathy of the French Government.

The Prince, it is reported, listened with deep interest to the informal address of the President, and replied with brevity and much feeling. He dined at the White House that evening. As the Prince travels *incognito*, the dinner was quite *en famille*. There were twenty-seven persons present. The party was composed of the President and the Presidential family, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grimsley, Mr. Edwards, Mr. R. T. Lincoln, Mr. Mecoukey, and Messieurs Nicolay and Hay, the private secretaries of the President.

Prince Napoleon was accompanied by Captain Ceufils, commander of the steamer upon which the imperial party came to New York; Lieutenant-Colonels Ferri, Pisan, and Ragon, Aides-de-camp, and Mr. Maurice Sand. The other guests were Lord Lyons, the British Minister; Monsieur Mercier, French Minister; Monsieur de Geofroy, Secretary of the French Legation; Mr. Banoche, attache; the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, the Navy, the Interior, and the Postmaster-General; Lieutenant-General Scott, Major-General M'Clellan, Senator Foot, President *pro tem.* of the Senate; Senator Sumner, Chairman of Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and Fred. W. Seward, Esq., Assistant Secretary of State.

The Secretary of War was absent from the city, and the Attorney-General was kept away by illness.

PERSONAL.

Robert Toombs has resigned his office of Secretary of State in the "Southern Confederacy," and R. M. T. Hunter has been appointed to succeed him. The cause of Toombs's resignation is his acceptance of a general's commission in the rebel army.

General Kelly, who was severely wounded at Philippi, was presented with a splendid horse by citizens of Wheeling, on the 31st ult., and the next day left to take his position in the army in Western Virginia.

General Barnard E. Bee, of South Carolina, who was killed in the rebel army at the battle of Bull Run, was thirty-five years of age, and has left a wife and one child. He entered West Point in 1841, and when the rebellion broke out he was a first lieutenant in the American army.

A young lady was found in a company at Lafayette, Indiana, on the 29th ult., "enlisted for the war;" but as the proclamation of the Governor called for abled-bodied "men," she was invited to leave the ranks and return her regimentals to the Quarter-master.

General Frémont, in his orders to the commander of the Second Missouri Rifle regiment, says he must have for captains "only such officers as have seen service."

Austin E. Smith, late Navy Agent of San Francisco, and son of "Extra Billy Smith," ex-Governor of Virginia, arrived in New York on Friday by the *Northern Light*, and was arrested by United States Marshal Murray, on the charge of being a defaulter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.

A PRIVY council was to be held in London on the 22th of July to arrange certain ministerial changes. Lord Palmerston, it was said, would resume his old position in the House of Commons as the exponent of the foreign policy of the British Government.

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS.

At latest dates Italy was still much infested by brigands, especially in the Neapolitan provinces. The Pope, on the 23d of July, announced a short allocution in the Consistory at Rome, in which he declared himself grateful for the continued presence of the French troops, but deprecated the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by the Emperor Napoleon, which he characterized as a painful act.

GENERAL M'DOWELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL MANSFIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BRIG.-GEN. M'DOWELL, U.S.A.

GENERAL IRVIN M'DOWELL, whose portrait will be found above, is a native of Ohio, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1834. He graduated in July, 1838, and was immediately promoted to the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. He was assistant instructor in tactics at West Point from September to November, 1841, and Adjutant to October, 1845; he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in October, 1842; Aid-de-camp to General Wool from October, 1845, to May, 1847, and took an active part in the war with Mexico. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Captain for gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847; promoted to post of Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, in May, 1847, and relinquished rank in line in February, 1851; Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major, March 31, 1856; Brevet Brigadier-General, May, 1861. He commanded the United States troops on the recent advance to Bull Run, and though unfortunate in that affair is not blamed by any one for his management of the attack.

BRIG.-GEN. MANSFIELD, U.S.A.

GENERAL J. K. F. MANSFIELD, whose portrait we give herewith, is a native of Connecticut, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1817. He graduated in July, 1822, and was immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846-'47. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet-Major for gallant and distinguished services in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high scientific and military talent of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and placed him in command of the troops at Washington. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM,

COMMANDING THE ATLANTIC BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

COMMODORE SILAS H. STRINGHAM, whose portrait we publish below, is a native of the State of New York, and was born near Newburgh, Orange Co. He has been connected with our navy and in active service since the year 1809, when he entered as midshipman, at the age of eleven. His advancement has been by the regular course of promotion, his present commission dating September, 1841. The Department at Washington have always had the fullest confidence in his ability, as is shown by the many and important commands in which he has been placed. Since holding his present rank he has successively been Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, followed by a cruise to the Brazils, then Commandant at the Norfolk Navy-yard, then a cruise as Commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, from whence he returned in July, 1855; was soon ordered to the Charlestown Navy-yard as Commandant, holding that position some four years; upon leaving there he was the recipient of various testimonials of esteem and regard from those under his command. Upon the incoming of the present Administration he was early ordered to Washington on special duty, and upon deciding to blockade all the Southern ports, he was ordered to his present command, reaching from Key West on the south to Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on the north, with the *Minnesota*, a forty-gun steamer, as the flag-ship, and some twenty-five vessels in all, manned by 3500 sailors and marines. The fleet is the most important ever put in commission by the Department (although not yet as large as it should be to be entirely effective).

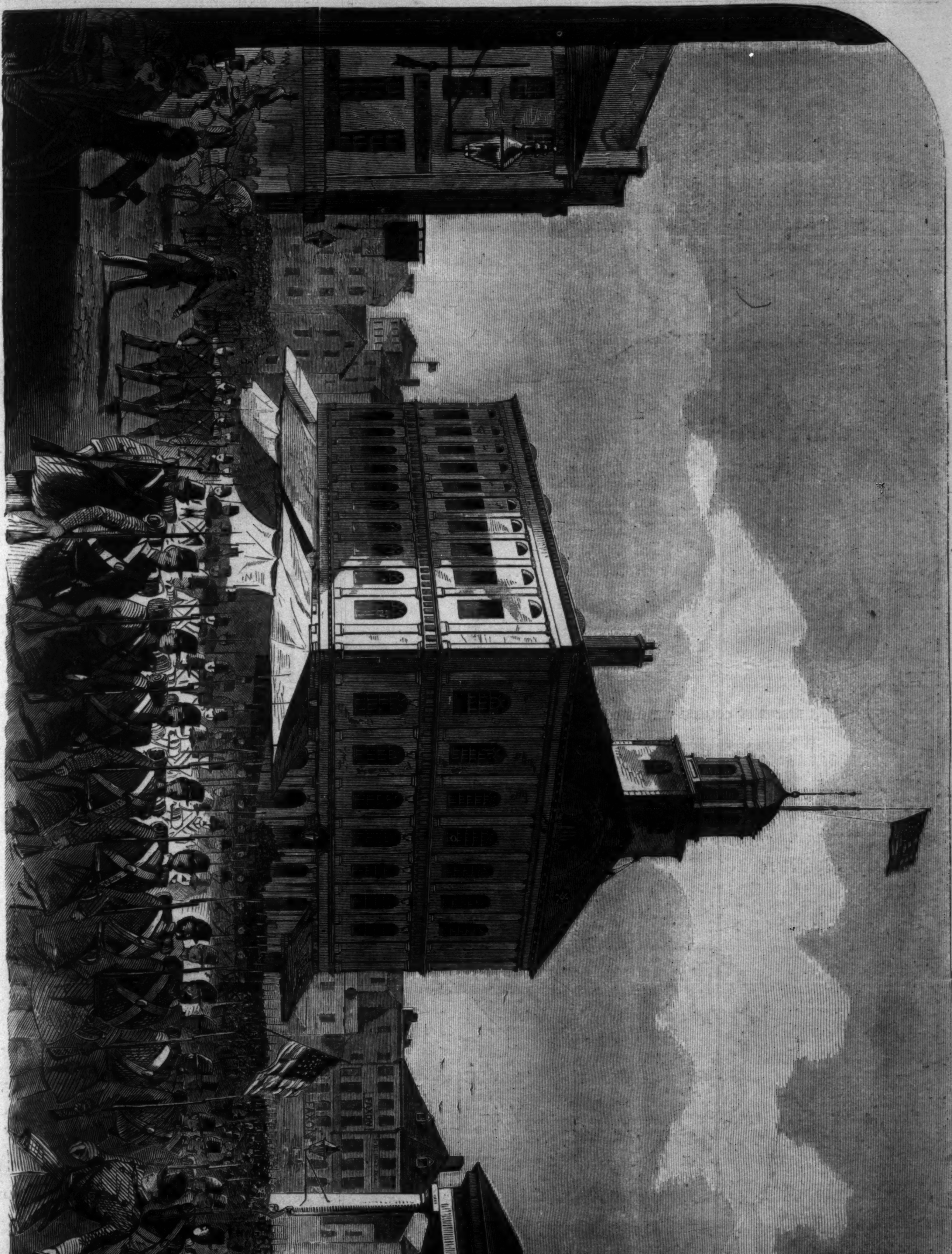
In person the Commodore is of medium height, and a compact, athletic frame, of manly bearing and frank demeanor; in manner, a pleasing mixture of gentleman-like refinement and sailor-like frankness, with a character of high moral tone, "without fear and without reproach." No officer is more beloved and respected by those who serve under him than Commodore Stringham, while we of the Empire State know our honor, and that of the flag of our Union, is in safe keeping while under his care.

COL. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JUN.

WE publish herewith the portrait of COLONEL FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR, JUN., of St. Louis, Missouri, Member of Congress, and Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Blair comes of one of the most distinguished families in the country. His father, Francis P. Blair, Sen., was the editor of the *Globe* under General Jackson, and the intimate personal friend and adviser of that President, and of his successor, Van Buren. He is still alive. Three of the sons of Mr. Blair, Sen., have distinguished themselves in politics. One has been Governor of Michigan; another, Montgomery, is Postmaster-General; a third, perhaps the most distinguished of all, is the one whose portrait we now publish. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1821, Mr. Blair chose the law for his profession and St. Louis for his residence. On the outbreak of the Mexican war he served as a private under Kearney for some months. He was elected for two consecutive terms to the Missouri Legislature, and in 1856 and 1860 to Congress. Mr. Blair is known as the leader of the emancipationists of St. Louis, and is a man of extraordinary courage, energy, and perseverance.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

COLONEL BLAIR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

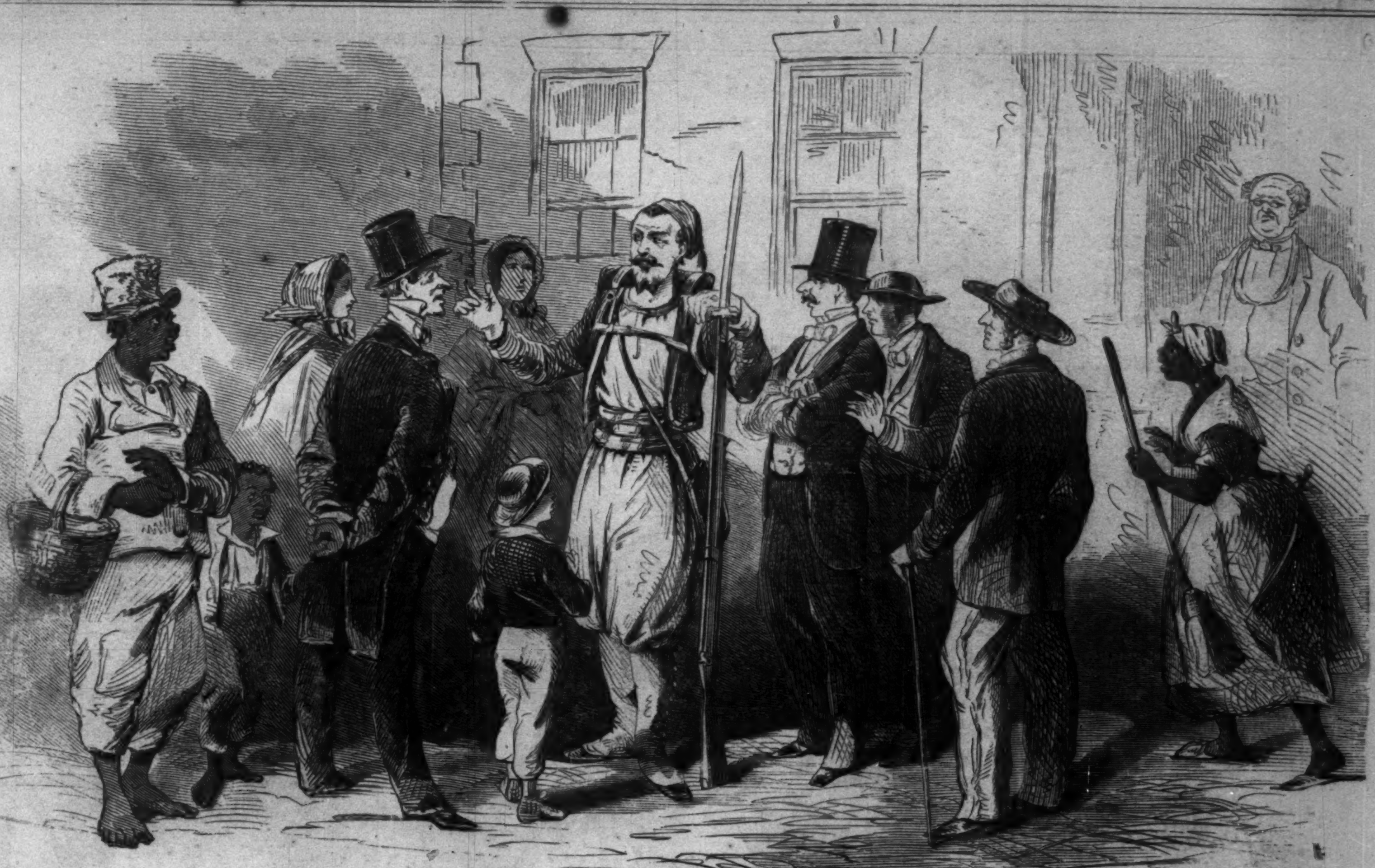


A NEW REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS PASSING FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, ON THEIR WAY TO THE WAR

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

RESCUE OF COLONEL SMITH'S COMMAND AT MONROE, MISSOURI, BY GOVERNOR WOOD OF ILLINOIS.—[See Page 522.]

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 519.]

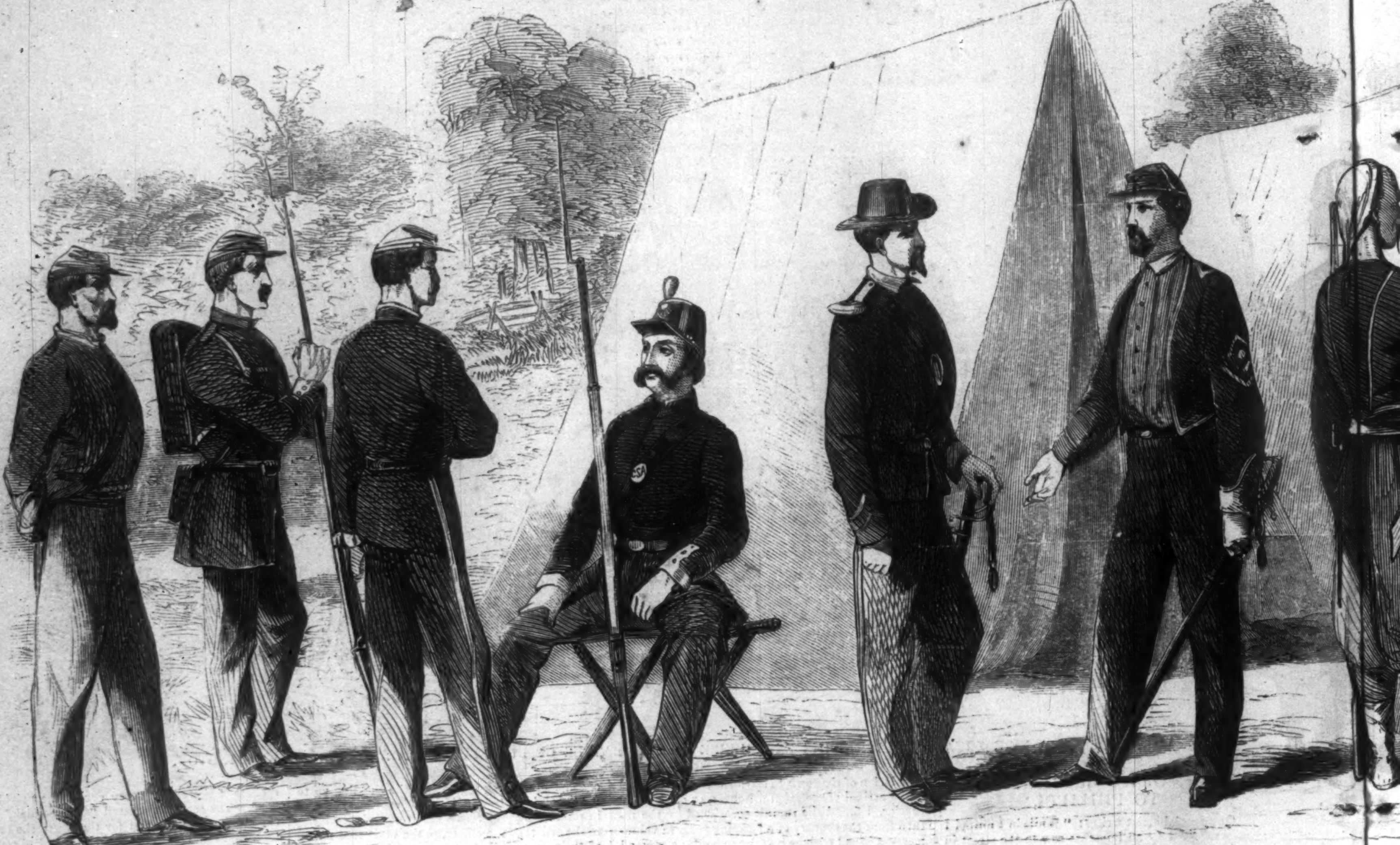


A FIRE ZOUAVE RELATING HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN IN THE STREET AT WASHINGTON.

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI.

Our special artist writes: "While in Philippi I was attracted by an immense row in the street in front of the Court-house, and ran with the entire population of the town to learn the cause. Instead of the arrival of secession prisoners, or of an army courier, I found the tumult occasioned by the return from the country of a foraging party of volunteers—a squad of some half dozen, under command of a sergeant, with their spoil. Each man carried one or more young pigs—from the suckling up to the 'likely' shoat—and the squad entered the street in rank with piggy *shouldered* or *trailed*, according to the orders of the officer, to the vociferous music of their captives. As they neared the camp the town pigs took the alarm, and made a rush for the spoilers, followed by every cur of the neighborhood. The sergeant ordered 'double-quick,' but one old sow was too fast for the men; she broke their ranks and scattered them as they had routed the secessionists on the same ground. They saved their bacon by a rush into the Court-house yard."

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS."—Sketched by Mr. Donovan.—[See Page 522.]



INFANTRY.

UNIFORMS OF REGULAR CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

CAVALRY.

ARTILLERY.

Volunteer Infantry of Virginia.

1st Regiment Maryland Line.

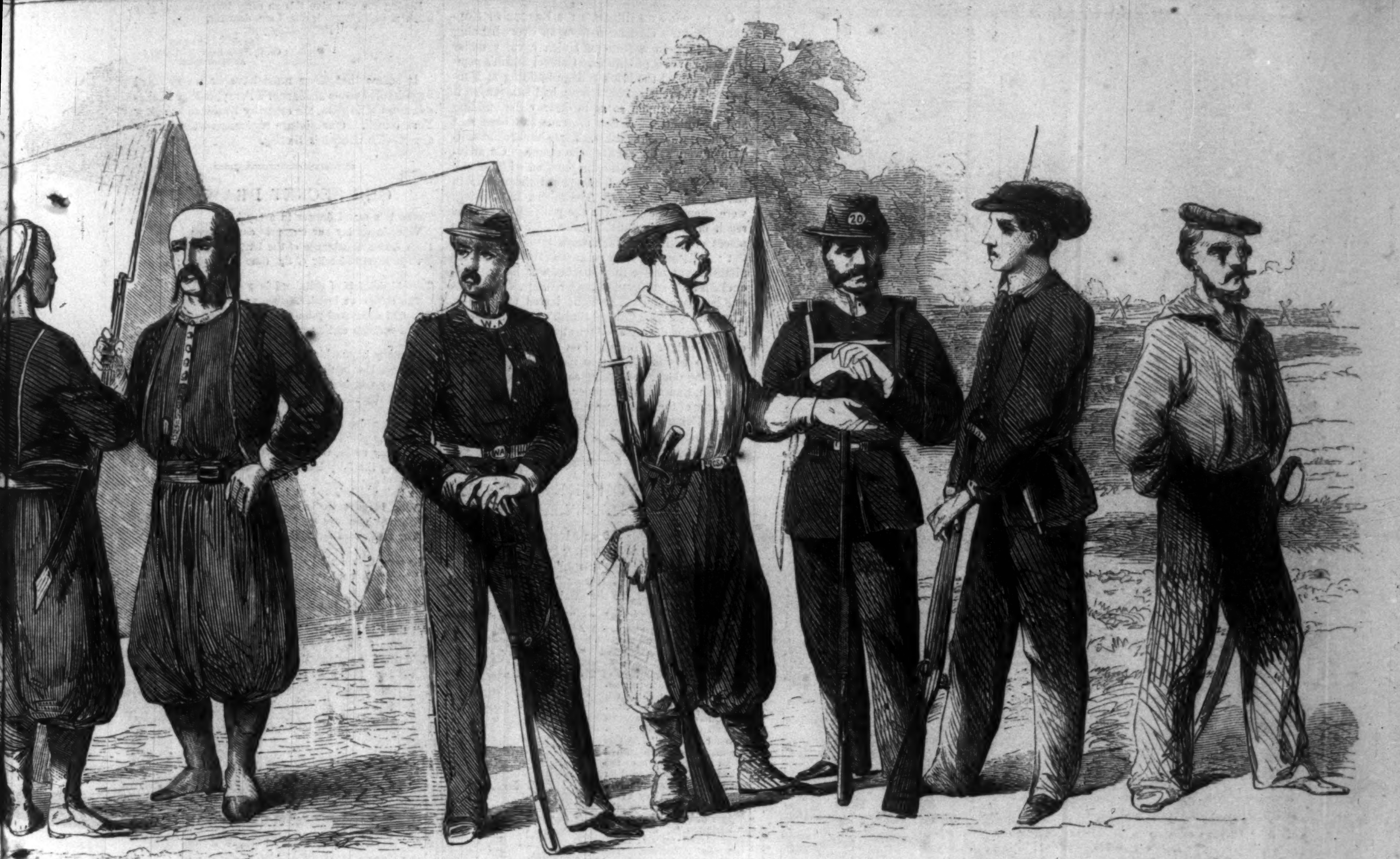
South Carolina Light Infantry.

Hampton Legion.

Rockingham Battery Artillery.

Gentlemen of the Road Independent Cavalry.

UNIFORMS OF THE



Louisiana Zouaves. Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Mississippi Rifles. Heavy Infantry of Georgia. Alabama Light Infantry. Marine Battery, Manassas Junction.

Black Horse Cavalry. Dragoon Guards, 14th Regt., Va. Cavalry. Mounted Rifles, North Carolina. Virginia Cadets. Greyson Dare-devils. Kentucky Rifle Brigade. Tennessee Sharp-shooters.

[...] CONFEDERATE ARMY.

A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT ON PARADE AT THE CAMP AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

On page 518 we illustrate the Rescue of Colonel Smith's Command from an overwhelming rebel attack by a force of Union cavalry under Governor Wood, of Illinois. Colonel Smith's command occupied the brick college building at Monroe, and the rebels, 1200 strong, had surrounded it and planted cannon so as to destroy the building and its inmates. A flag of truce had been sent out, but it was disregarded. Three hundred mounted men were at once sent to the rescue. On arriving at Monroe they formed a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had intrenched themselves in the academy buildings. The rebels, 1200 strong, were grouped around over the prairies, out of the reach of Colonel Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk. The last shot from Colonel Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy on Wednesday, completely routing them, and taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed; but not a man of the Union forces was killed, although several were severely wounded.

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS."

We give on page 519 an illustration of the Recapture of the Schooner "Enchantress" by the Gun-boat "Albatross," from a sketch by Mr. Donovan, of the latter craft. A letter in the *Tribune* thus describes the affair:

On Sunday, the 19th, after sailing two or three hours southward and eastward, the *Albatross* sighted a vessel and gave chase, and soon fetched up to what proved to be the *Enchantress*, captured by the privateer *Jeff Davis*, six days out from Boston to St. Jago, and in possession of a prize crew of five rebels and a negro belonging to the schooner before she was taken. On speaking her and demanding where from and whence bound, she replied, "Boston for St. Jago." At this moment the negro rushed from the galley where the pirates had secreted him and jumped into the sea, exclaiming. "They are a privateer crew from the *Jeff Davis*, and bound for Charleston." The negro was picked up and taken on the *Albatross*. The prize was ordered to heave to, which she did. Lieut. Neville jumped aboard of her, and ordered the pirates into the boats, and to pull for the *Albatross*, where they were secured in irons. Two of the prisoners are Charleston pilots, one is from Boston, and two from Brooklyn—one of the latter has a brother in Fortress Monroe, and the other has a brother on the *Roanoke*. Prize-master Tunis D. Wendell was ordered on board the schooner, which was taken in tow by the *Albatross*, and arrived in Hampton Roads on Wednesday, the 22d. The *Albatross* will shortly proceed to Philadelphia or New York for repairs to her machinery. The vessel has now a reputation which is a terror to the rebels, on sea and coast, as a fighting craft which they had better give a wide berth to.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Our special artist in Washington has supplied us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 513 and 519. One represents a Wounded Zouave in the hospital at Washington looking gratefully up at the face of his kind hospital nurse. The poor fellow is evidently not used to the tender attention bestowed upon him by the lady volunteer; he does not quite understand it, and some secret well of honest, grateful feeling seems to have been suddenly opened in his heart. Another picture introduces us to the same character, the typical Zouave, relating his adventures at the Battle of Bull Run to a crowd of eager listeners on Pennsylvania Avenue. He is in his hour of triumph, and well he may be. He feels a quiet contempt for the men of his own age who were not at the battle; for he knows that henceforth no lady fair will smile on them so long as he or any of his comrades who were "in the battle" are near by.

THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Encampment of the Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M.,
Sandy Hook, Md., *July 30, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Having noticed in your paper of August 3 a sketch representing two members of the Ninth tearing down the rebel flag at Harper's Ferry on the morning of the 4th, and deeming it but justly due to the person who performed the feat, I take the liberty of making this correction.

On the morning of the 4th about a dozen of the members of this regiment crossed the river to Harper's Ferry in a small boat, and strolled around the town. Seeing the rebel flag floating from the flag-staff, a member of Company C of this regiment, Edwin W. Butler by name, succeeded in climbing up to it and tearing it down. The persons mentioned in your paper (Isaac Blakemore and George M'Mullin) are not members of this regiment, nor were they present at the time the occurrence took place.

A portion of the State flag, which you mention, still remains, and was flying over the "stars and bars," which latter Butler succeeded in taking down. The stars and stripes proudly floats from the pole at present, directly under the State flag, nobody having displaced it. I take the liberty of inclosing you a small piece obtained from the "original Jacobs," who is one of my messmates.

Hoping you will give this an early insertion, and give honor to whom honor is due, I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

Isaac S. Sharpe,
Co. C, Ninth Regt., N. Y. S. M.,
An eye-witness.

It seems that there must have been two rebel flags hauled down at Harper's Ferry, one by Blakemore and M'Mullin, the other by Butler of the New York Ninth. Our picture represented the former scene.—Ed. *Harper's Weekly.*

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after-years;
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

"THERE IS A SECRET DRAWER IN EVERY HEART—"

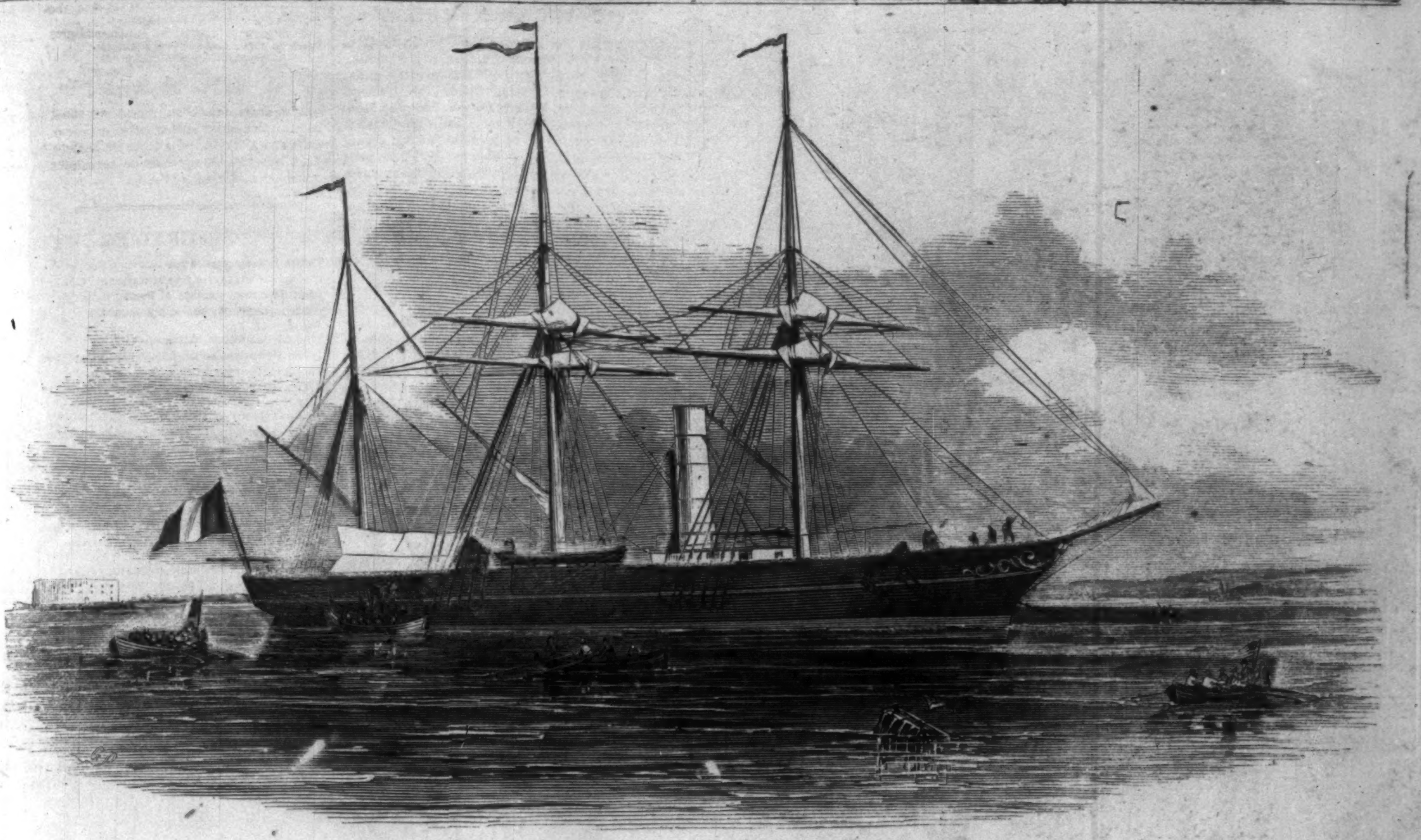
BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED.

On page 524 we illustrate a most disgraceful episode of the Battle of Bull Run, which would be incredible if it were not attested by so many reliable witnesses: we mean the Bayoneting of our Wounded by the Rebel Troops. The following evidence of Surgeon Barnes, given to the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, is unfortunately too precise and clear to be questioned:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were secessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and projectiles from rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and servant had become separated from him, and he had no one to send for ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure ambulances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that *every one of those wounded men had been bayoneted or sabred, and was dead.* They were literally cut to pieces.

Other evidence abounds. An officer of the Massachusetts 5th, lying wounded on the field, heard the order given by a rebel officer to "*bayonet the sons of —— of red shirts!*" Cannon were trained on the soldiers who were bearing off the field the body of Colonel Cameron, and five were killed. The ambulance in which Colonel Wood (New York 14th) was being carried was repeatedly fired at.



THE "JEROME NAPOLEON," PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STEAM-YACHT, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

Lieutenant-colonel Chambers saw a wounded soldier bayoneted by a rebel in cold blood. Colonel Slocum, wounded, and bleeding to death, was fired at by cannon so that he had to be moved six times by the surgeons before his wounds could be dressed. The Black Horse Cavalry rode down to the Sudley Church, which was used as a hospital, and fired their revolvers through the windows at the wounded as they lay. In a word, scores upon scores of reliable witnesses testify that at this Bull Run battle the savages who fought under the Confederate Flag systematically butchered the wounded, and this not only in obedience to their own fiendish instincts, but by the order of their officers.

ON HER DEATH-BED.

A LULLABY.

Hush, baby, hush! the still dews are falling—
 Silence muffles all the earth, and steals over the sea, love;
Fair rides the moon—but, ah, the fairest moon
 Will never bring my darling back to me, love!

Hush, baby, hush! the gray light is dawning—
 Slumber dies from earth and sea, and peace hurries away, love;
Fair glows the morn—but, ah, the morning light
 Has other eyes than mine to fill to-day, love!

Hush, baby, hush! the dull winds are waking—
 Mournful over land and sea, and wild thorough the sky, love;
Yes, let them mourn—the love that man can give
 Will never fill my darling's heart like my love!

Ah, how they wail! And yet, they have tidings—
 Tidings to a mother's soul too sweet not to be true, love;
Death may be dark; but soon there is a day
 When Love Himself shall lead me back to you, love!

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

Trample! trample! went the roan,
 Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,
 My chestnut broke away.—
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
 And but one hour to-day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
 Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
 That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
 And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
 Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
 I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
 Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their steel hoofs beat
 Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
 But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
 For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
 And I saw their wolfs' eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
 And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
 And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat:
 One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
 I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
 Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
 Thud! thud! upon the sand
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
 And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
 Safe from the canting band.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S YACHT.

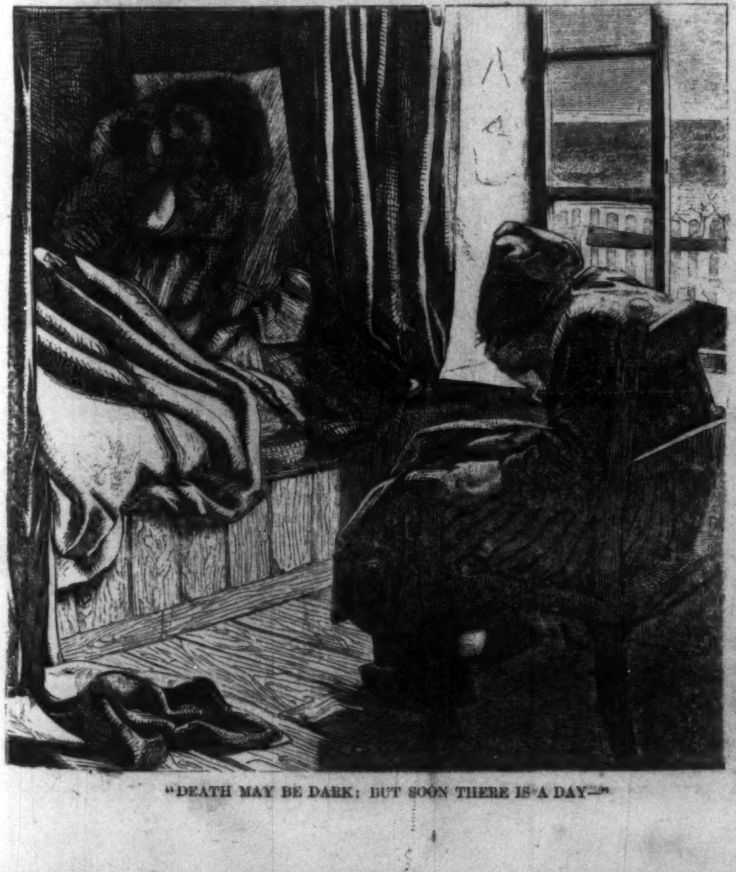
We publish on this page a picture of Prince Napoleon's Yacht, the *Jerome Napoleon*, now lying in this port, where she arrived on 27th. She is about 1200 tons measurement, and is propelled by a screw, with an engine of 300 horse power. She is handsomely modeled, and is rigged as a bark, in polocca style. In place of the usual white streak there is a wide gilt band around the ship. Her crew consists of 150 persons. The seamen are dressed in the blue of the French navy, and wear neat tarpaulin hats. The servants wear the imperial livery. The interior arrangements and decorations of the ship are rich, without attempt at meretricious display. The officers' rooms are models of comfort and neatness in their arrangement and decorations. The great saloon is finished somewhat in the style of the grand saloon of the *Great Eastern*. She carries two 12-pound brass carronades for firing signals or salutes.

The following account of the distinguished travelers is from the *Times:*

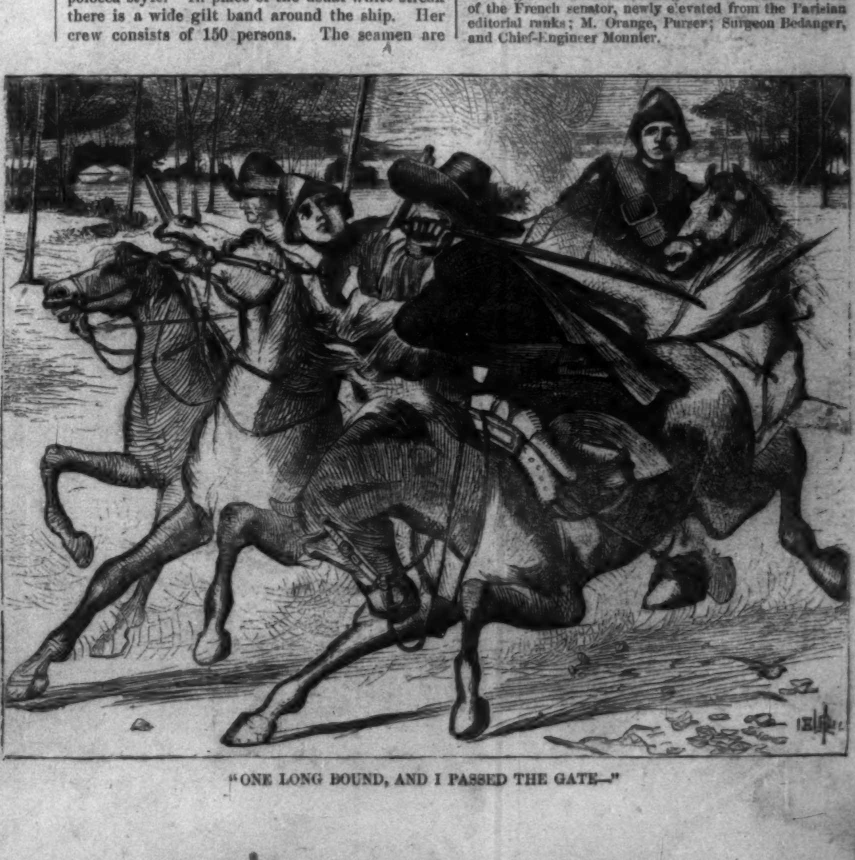
Prince Napoleon is a son of Jerome Napoleon by his second wife, and stands, next after the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of the Napoleons. He is about forty years of age—stoutish, about five feet eight, and rather like Napoleon the First in face.

His Princess Clotilde (Marie Therese Louise Clotilde, to write the name in full) is a daughter of Victor Emanuel, and it will be remembered that the union, a couple of years ago, was looked upon as a "political marriage." The alliance was determined upon by an intimate understanding between the two sovereigns, and the reciprocal interests of France and Piedmont, and the negotiations to bring it about were delayed more than a year. She was born in 1843, and is consequently at present in her nineteenth year, and is *petite*, of Italian complexion and features, and very prepossessing and unassuming in manners. With the Princess, as her first maid of honor, is the Duchess d'Abrantes, also quite young and very pretty.

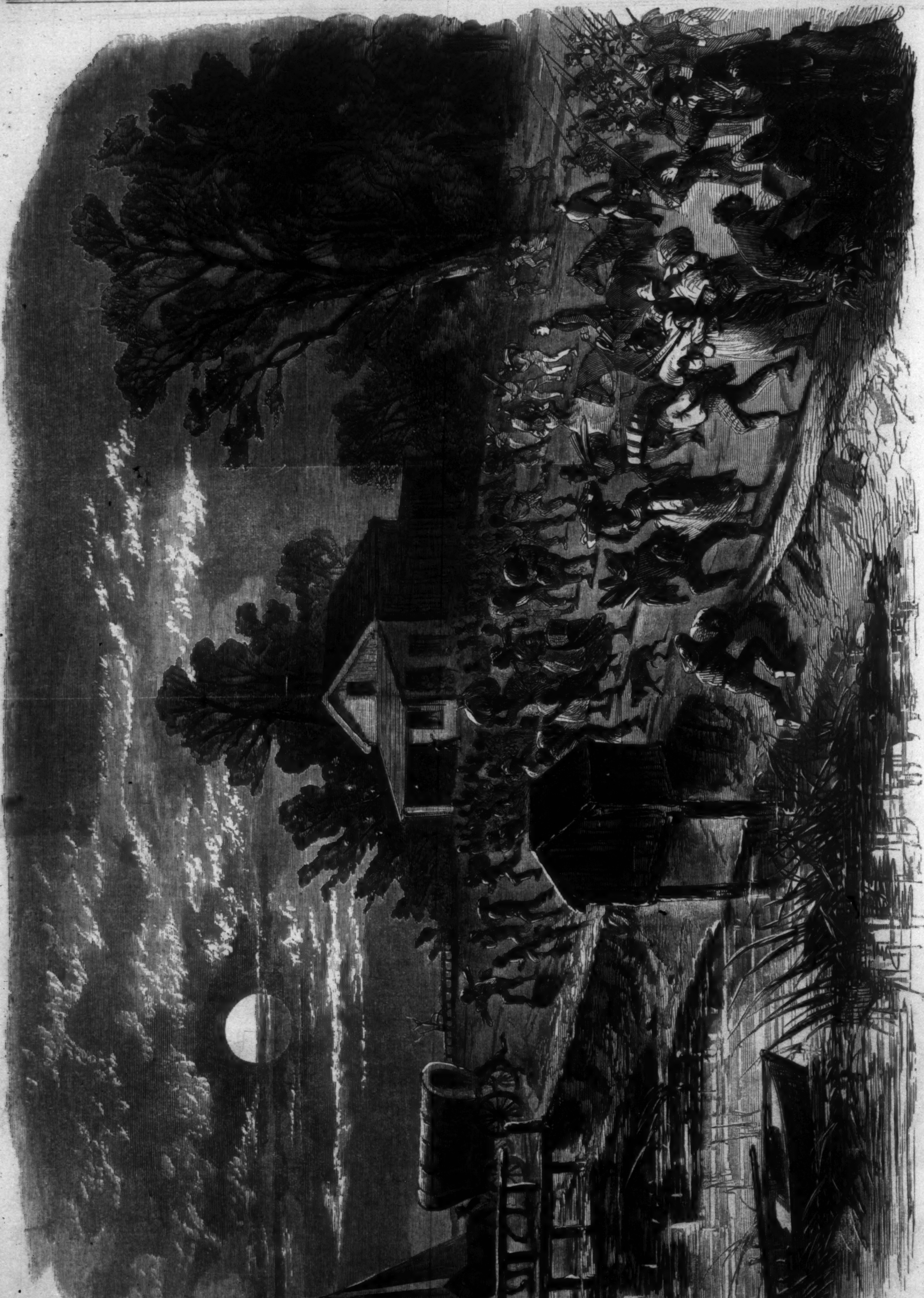
Among the suite of the Prince are two Colonels of the Empire, M. Ragon and M. Ferri Pisani, both of them aids-de-camp—the former Governor of the island of Guadaloupe, now a commander in the French navy, M. Bonfils, and M. Maurice Sand, son of Madame George Sand, the illustrious novelist, and himself an author of mark. The commander of the vessel is M. Georgette de Baison, and the officers are Lieutenant Brecque; M. Brunet, Ensign and Artillery Officer of the ship; Ensign Arago, nephew of the great astronomer; Ensign De la Gueronniere, son of the French senator, newly elevated from the Parisian editorial ranks; M. Orange, Purser; Surgeon Bedanger, and Chief-Engineer Mounier.



"DEATH MAY BE DARK; BUT SOON THERE IS A DAY—"



"ONE LONG BOUND, AND I PASSED THE GATE—"



STAMPEDE OF SLAVES FROM HAMPTON TO FORTRESS MONROE.—[See P

THE REBELS BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, AT BULL RUN.—[See Page 522.]

[Entered according to Art of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

It was some time before I could shake off the impression made on me by the words and the look of that dying man.

It was not that my conscience upbraided me. What had I done? Denounced that which I held, in common with most men of sense in or out of my profession, to be one of those illusions by which quackery draws profit from the wonder of ignorance. Was I to blame if I had refused to treat with the grave respect due to asserted discovery in legitimate science pretensions to powers akin to the fables of wizards? was I to descend from the Academe of decorous science to examine whether a sleeper could read from a book placed at her back, or tell me at L—— what at that moment was being done by my friend at the Antipodes?

And what though Dr. Lloyd himself might be a worthy and honest man, and a sincere believer in the extravagances for which he demanded an equal credulity in others, do not honest men every day incur the penalty of ridicule if, from a defect of good sense, they make themselves ridiculous? Could I have foreseen that a satire so justly provoked would inflict so deadly a wound? Was I inhumanly barbarous because the antagonist destroyed was morbidly sensitive? My conscience, therefore, made me no reproach, and the public was as little severe as my conscience. The public had been with me in our contest—the public knew nothing of my opponent's death-bed accusations—the public knew only that I had attended him in his last moments—it saw me walk beside the bier that bore him to his grave—it praised the energy with which I set on foot a subscription for his orphan children, and the generosity with which I headed that subscription by a sum that was large in proportion to my means.

To that sum I did not, indeed, limit my contribution. The sobs of the poor female child rang still on my heart. As her grief had been keener than that of her brothers, so she might be subjected to sharper trials than they, when the time came for her to fight her own way through the world; therefore I secured to her, but with such precautions that the gift could not be traced to my hand, a sum to accumulate till she was of marriageable age, and which then might suffice for a small wedding portion; or, if she remained single, for an income that would place her beyond the temptation of want, or the bitterness of a servile dependence.

That Dr. Lloyd should have died in poverty was a matter of surprise at first, for his profits during the last few years had been considerable, and his mode of life far from extravagant. But just before the date of our controversy he had been induced to assist the brother of his lost wife, who was a junior partner in a London bank, with the loan of his accumulated savings. This man proved dishonest; he embezzled that and other sums intrusted to him, and fled the country. The same sentiment of conjugal affection which had cost Dr. Lloyd his fortune kept him silent as to the cause of the loss. It was reserved for his executors to discover the treachery of the brother-in-law whom he, poor man, would have generously screened from additional disgrace.

A wealthy and public-spirited merchant at L—— purchased the museum, which Dr. Lloyd's passion for natural history had induced him to form; and the sum thus obtained, together with that raised by subscription, sufficed, not only to discharge all debts due by the deceased, but to insure to the orphans the benefits of an education that might fit at least the boys to enter fairly armed into that game, more of skill than of chance, in which Fortune is really so little blinded that we see, in each turn of her wheel, wealth and its honors pass away from the lax fingers of ignorance and sloth to the resolute grasp of labor and knowledge.

Meanwhile a relation in a distant county undertook the charge of the orphans; they disappeared from the scene, and the tides of life in a commercial community soon flowed over the place which the dead man had occupied in the thoughts of his bustling townsfolk.

One person at L——, and only one, appeared to share and inherit the rancor with which the poor physician had denounced me on his death-bed. It was a gentleman named Vigors, distantly related to the deceased, and who had been, in point of station, the most eminent of Dr. Lloyd's partisans in the controversy with myself; a man of no great scholastic acquirements, but of respectable abilities. He had that kind of power which the world concedes to respectable abilities, when accompanied with a temper more than usually stern, and a moral character more than usually austere. His ruling passion was to sit in judgment upon others; and, being a magistrate, he was the most active and the most rigid of all the magistrates L—— had ever known.

Mr. Vigors at first spoke of me with great bitterness, as having ruined, and in fact killed, his friend by the uncharitable and unfair acerbity which he declared I had brought into what ought to have been an unprejudiced examination of simple matter of fact. But finding no sympathy in these charges, he had the discretion to cease from making them, contenting himself with a solemn shake of his head if he heard my name mentioned in terms of praise, and an oracular sentence or two, such as "Time will show;" "All's well that ends well," etc. Mr. Vigors, however, mixed very little in the more convivial intercourse of the townspeople. He called himself domestic; but, in truth, he was ungenial. A stiff man, starched with self-esteem. He thought that his dignity of station was not sufficiently acknowledged by the merchants of Low Town, and his superiority of intellect not sufficiently recognized by the exclusives of the Hill. His visits were, therefore, chiefly confined to the houses of neighboring squires, to whom his reputation as a magistrate, conjoined with his solemn exterior, made him one of those oracles by which men consent to be awed on condition that the awe is not often inflicted. And though he opened his house three times a week, it was only to a select few, whom he first fed and then biologized. Electro-biology was very naturally the special entertainment of a man whom no intercourse ever pleased in which his will was not imposed upon others. Therefore he only invited to his table persons whom he could stare into the abnegation of their senses, willing to say that beef was lamb, or brandy was coffee, according as he willed them to say. And, no doubt, the persons asked would have said any thing he willed so long as they had, in substance as well as in idea, the beef and the brandy, the lamb and the coffee. I did not, then, often meet Mr. Vigors at the houses in which I occasionally spent my evenings. I heard of his enmity as a man safe in his home hears the sough of a wind on a common without. If now and then we happened to pass in the streets, he looked up at me (he was a small man walking on tip-toe) with the sullen scowl of dislike. And from the height of my statue I dropped upon the small man and sullen scowl the affable smile of supreme indifference.

CHAPTER IV.

I had now arrived at that age when an ambitious man, satisfied with his progress in the world without, begins to feel, in the cravings of unsatisfied affection, the void of a solitary hearth. I resolved to marry, and looked out for a wife. I had never hitherto admitted into my life the passion of love. In fact, I had regarded that passion, even in my earlier youth, with a certain superb contempt—as a malady engendered by an effeminate idleness, and fostered by a sickly imagination.

I wished to find in a wife a rational companion, an affectionate and trust-worthy friend. No views of matrimony could be less romantic, more soberly sensible, than those which I conceived. Nor were my requirements mercenary or presumptuous. I cared not for fortune; I asked nothing from connections. My ambition was exclusively professional; it could be served by no titled kindred, accelerated by no wealthy dower. I was no slave to beauty. I did not seek in a wife the accomplishments of a finishing school-teacher.

Having decided that the time had come to select my helpmate, I imagined that I should find no difficulty in a choice that my reason would approve. But day upon day, week upon week passed away, and though among the families I visited there were many young ladies who possessed more than the qualifications with which I conceived that I should be amply contented, and by whom I might flatter myself that my proposals would not be disdained, I saw not one to whose life-long companionship I should not infinitely have preferred the solitude I found so irksome.

One evening I was returning home from visiting a poor female patient whom I attended gratuitously, and whose case demanded more thought than that of any other in my list—for though it had been considered hopeless in the hospital, and she had come home to die, I felt certain that I could save her, and she seemed recovering under my care—one evening, it was the 15th of May, I found myself just before the gates of the house that had been inhabited by Dr. Lloyd. Since his death the house had been unoccupied; the rent asked for it by the proprietor was considered high; and from the sacred Hill on which it was situated shyness or pride banished the wealthier traders. The garden gates stood wide open, as they had stood on the winter night on which I had passed through them to the chamber of death. The remembrance of that death-bed came vividly before me, and the dying man's fantastic threat rang again in my startled ears. An irresistible impulse, which I could not then account for, and which I can not account for now—an impulse the reverse of that which usually makes us turn away with quickened step from a spot that recalls associations of pain—urged me on through the open gates, up the neglected, grass-grown road; urged me to look, under the westering sun of the joyous spring, at that house which I had never seen but in the gloom of a winter night, under the melancholy moon. As the building came in sight, with dark red bricks, partially overgrown with ivy, I perceived that it was no longer unoccupied. I saw forms passing athwart the open windows; a van laden with articles of furniture stood before the door; a servant in livery was beside it giving directions to the men who were unloading. Evidently some family was just entering into possession. I felt somewhat ashamed of my trespass, and turned round quickly to retrace my steps. I had retreated but a few yards when I saw before me at the entrance gates Mr. Vigors, walking beside a lady apparently of middle age, while, just at hand, a path cut through the shrubs gave view of a small wicket-gate at the end of the grounds. I felt unwilling not only to meet the lady, whom I guessed to be the new occupier, and to whom I should have to make a somewhat awkward apology for intrusion, but still more to encounter the scornful look of Mr. Vigors, in what appeared to my pride a false or undignified position. Involuntarily, therefore, I turned down the path which would favor my escape unobserved. When about half way between the house and the wicket-gate the shrubs that had clothed the path on either side suddenly opened to the left, bringing into view a circle of sward, surrounded by irregular fragments of old brick-work, partially covered with ferns, creepers, or rock-plants, weeds, or wild-flowers, and in the centre of the circle a fountain, or rather water-cistern, over which was built a Gothic monastic dome, or canopy, resting on small Norman columns, time-worn, dilapidated. A large willow overhung this unmistakable relic of the ancient abbey. There was an air of antiquity, romance, legend about this spot, so abruptly disclosed amidst the delicate green of the young shrubberies. But it was not the ruined wall nor the Gothic well that chained my footstep and charmed my eye.

It was a solitary human form—seated there amidst the mournful ruins.

The form was so slight, the face so young, that at the first glance I murmured to myself, "What a lovely child!" But as my eye lingered, it recognized in the upturned, thoughtful brow, in the sweet, serious aspect, in the rounded outlines of that slender shape, the inexpressible dignity of virgin woman.

A book was on her lap, at her feet a little basket, half filled with violets and blossoms culled from the rock plants that nestled amidst the ruins. Behind her, the willow, like an emerald waterfall, showered down its arching abundant green, bough after bough, from the tree-top to the sward, descending in wavy verdure, bright toward the summit, in the smile of the setting sun, and darkening into shadow as it neared the earth.

She did not notice, she did not see me; her eyes were fixed upon the horizon, where it sloped farthest into space, above the tree-tops and the ruins—fixed so intently that mechanically I turned my own gaze to follow the flight of hers. It was as if she watched for some expected, familiar sign to grow out from the depths of heaven; perhaps to greet, before other eyes beheld it, the ray of the earliest star.

The birds dropped from the boughs on the turf around her, so fearlessly that one alighted amidst the flowers in the little basket at her feet. There is a famous German poem, which I had read in my youth. I read the German poem called "The Maiden from Abroad," variously supposed to be an allegory of Spring, or of Poetry, according to the choice of commentators; it seemed to me as if the poem had been made for her. Verily, indeed, in her poet or painter might have seen an image equally true to either of those adorners of the earth; both outwardly a delight to sense, yet both wakening up thoughts within us, not sad, but akin to sadness.

I heard now a step behind me, and a voice which I recognized to be that of Mr. Vigors. I broke from the charm by which I had been so lingeringly spell-bound, hurried on confusedly, gained the wicket-gate, from which a short flight of stairs descended into the common thoroughfare. And there the everyday life lay again before me. On the opposite side houses, shops, church-spires; a few steps more, and the bustling streets! How immeasurably far from, yet how familiarly near to the world in which we move and have being is that fairy land of romance which opens out from the hard earth before us, when Love steals at first to our side, fading back, fading back into the hard earth again as Love smiles or sighs its farewell!

CHAPTER V.

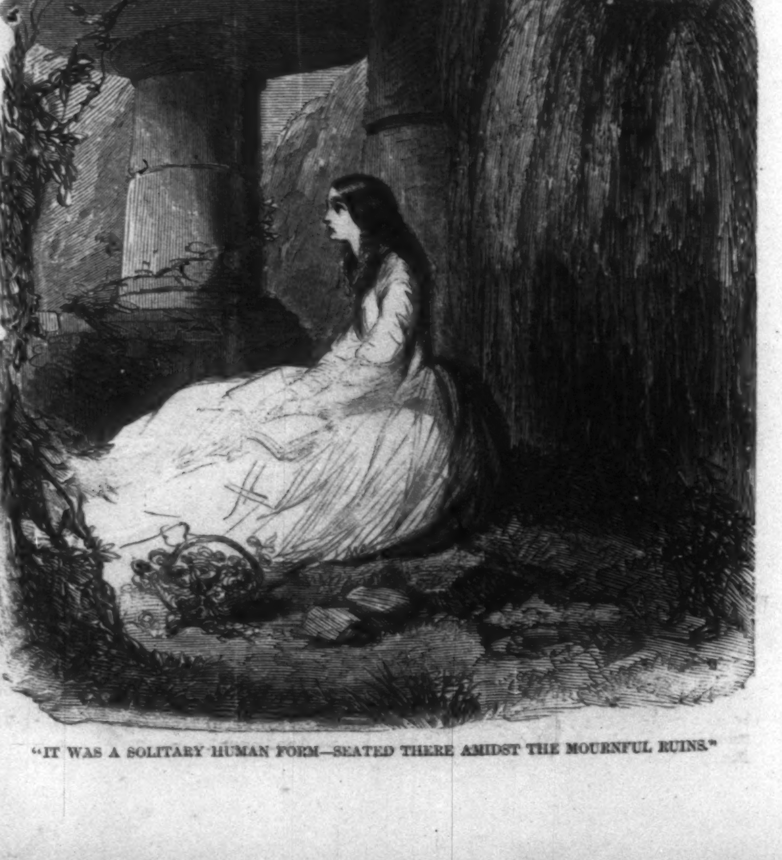
And before that evening I had looked on Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference—what importance he now assumed in my eyes! The lady with whom I had seen him was doubtless the new tenant of that house in which the young creature by whom my heart was so strangely moved evidently had her home. Most probably the relation between the two ladies was that of mother and daughter. Mr. Vigors, the friend of one, might himself be related to both—might prejudice them against me—might—here, starting up, I snapped the thread of conjecture, for right before my eyes, on the table beside which I had seated myself on entering the room, lay a card of invitation:

Mrs. Poyntz.
At Home,
Wednesday, May 15th.
Early.

Mrs. Poyntz—Mrs. Colonel Poyntz! the Queen of the Hill. There, at her house, I could not fail to learn all about the new-comers, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain.

I hastily changed my dress, and, with beating heart, wound my way up the venerable eminence.

I did not pass through the lane which led direct to Abbots' House (for that old building stood solitary amidst its grounds, a little apart from the spacious platform on which the society of the Hill was concentred), but up the broad causeway, with vistaed gas-lamps; the gayer shops still unclosed, the tide of busy life only slowly ebbing from the still animated street, on to a square, in which the four main thoroughfares of the city converged, and which formed the boundary of Low Town. A huge dark archway, popularly called Monk's Gate, at the angle of this square, made the entrance to Abbey Hill. When the arch was passed, one felt at once that one was in the town of a former day. The pavement was narrow and rugged; the shops small,



"IT WAS A SOLITARY HUMAN FORM—SEATED THERE AMIDST THE MOURNFUL RUINS."

their upper stories projecting, with, here and there, plastered fronts, quaintly arabesqued. An ascent, short, but steep and tortuous, conducted at once to the old Abbey Church, nobly situated in a vast quadrangle, round which were the genteel and gloomy dwellings of the Areopagites of the Hill. More genteel and less gloomy than the rest—lights at the windows and flowers on the balcony—stood forth, flanked by a garden wall at either side, the mansion of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

As I entered the drawing-room I heard the voice of the hostess; it was a voice clear, decided, metallic, bell-like, uttering these words: "Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. POYNTZ was seated on the sofa; at her right sat fat Mrs. Bruce, who was a Scotch lord's grand-daughter: at her left thin Miss Brabazon, who was an Irish baronet's niece. Around her—a few seated, many standing—had grouped all the guests, save two old gentlemen, who remained aloof with Colonel Poyntz near the whist-table, waiting for the fourth old gentleman, who was to make up the rubber, but who was at that moment spell-bound in the magic circle, which curiosity, that strongest of social demons, had attracted round the hostess.

"Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you. Ah, Dr. Fenwick! charmed to see you. You know Abbots' House is let at last? Well, Miss Brabazon, dear, you ask who has taken it. I will tell you—a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed! Dear me!" said Miss Brabazon, looking confused. "I hope I did not say any thing to—"

"Wound my feelings. Not in the least. You said your uncle, Sir Phelim, had a coach-maker named Ashleigh, that Ashleigh was an uncommon name, though Ashley was a common one; you intimated an appalling suspicion that the Mrs. Ashleigh who had come to the Hill was the coach-maker's widow. I relieve your mind—she is not; she is the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh, of Kirby Hall."

"Gilbert Ashleigh," said one of the guests, a bachelor, whose parents had reared him for the church, but who, like poor Goldsmith, did not think himself good enough for it—a mistake of over-modesty, for he matured into a very harmless creature. "Gilbert Ashleigh. I was at Oxford with him—a gentleman commoner of Christ Church. Good-looking man—very: *sapped*—"

"Sapped! what's that? Oh, studied. That he did all his life. He married young—Anne Chaloner; she and I were girls together: married the same year. They settled at Kirby Hall—nice place, but dull. Poyntz and I spent a Christmas there. Ashleigh when he talked was charming, but he talked very little. Anne, when she talked, was commonplace, and she talked very much. Naturally, poor thing, she was so happy. Poyntz and I did not spend another Christmas there. Friendship is long, but life is short. Gilbert Ashleigh's life was short indeed; he died in the fifth year of his marriage, leaving only one child, a girl. Since then, though I never spent another Christmas at Kirby Hall, I have frequently spent a day there, doing my best to cheer up Anne. She was no longer talkative, poor dear. Wrapt up in her child, who has now grown into a beautiful girl of eighteen—such eyes, her father's—the real dark blue—rare; sweet creature, but delicate; not, I hope, consumptive, but delicate; quiet—wants life. My girl Jane adores her. Jane has life enough for two."

"Is Miss Ashleigh the heiress to Kirby Hall?" asked Mrs Bruce, who had an unmarried son.

"No. Kirby Hall passed to Ashleigh Sumner, the male heir, a cousin. But Mrs. Ashleigh hired the place during his minority. He comes of age this year, that's why she leaves. Lilian Ashleigh will have, however, a very good fortune—is what we genteel paupers call an heiress. Is there any thing more you want to know?"

Said thin Miss Brabazon, who took advantage of her thinness to wedge herself into every one's affairs, "A most interesting account. But what brings Mrs. Ashleigh here?"

Answered Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, with the military frankness by which she kept her company in good-humor, as well as awe:

"Why do any of us come here? Can any one tell me?"

There was a blank silence, which the hostess herself was the first to break.

"None of us present can say why we came here. I can tell you why Mrs. Ashleigh came. Our neighbor Mr. Vigors is a distant connection of the late Mr. Ashleigh, one of the executors to his will, and the guardian to the heir-at-law. About ten days ago Mr. Vigors called on me, for the first time since I felt it my duty to express my opinion about the strange vagaries of our poor dear friend Dr. Lloyd. And when he had taken his chair, just where you now sit, Dr. Fenwick, he said, in a sepulchral voice, stretching out two fingers, so, as if I were one of the what-do-you-call-'ems who go to sleep when he bids them, 'Marm, you know Mrs. Ashleigh? You correspond with her.' 'Yes, Mr. Vigors; is there any crime in that? You look as if there were.' 'No crime, marm,' said the man, quite seriously. 'Mrs. Ashleigh is a lady of amiable temper, and you are a woman of masculine understanding.'"

Here there was a general titter. Mrs. Colonel Poyntz hushed it with a look of severe surprise. "What is there to laugh at? All women would be men if they could. If my understanding is masculine so much the better for me. I thanked Mr. Vigors for his very handsome compliment, and he then went on to say, 'that though Mrs. Ashleigh would now have to leave Kirby Hall in a very few weeks, she seemed quite unable to make up her mind where to go; that it had occurred to him that, as Miss Ashleigh was now of an age to see a little of the world, she ought not to remain buried in the country; while, being of quiet mind, she recoiled from the dissipation of London. Between the seclusion of the one and the turmoil of the other, the society of L—— was a happy medium. He should be glad of my opinion. He had put off asking for it, because he owned his belief that I had behaved unkindly to his lamented friend, Dr. Lloyd; but he now found himself in rather an awkward position. His ward, young Ashleigh Sumner, expected to enter on possession of Kirby Hall (which Mr. Vigors, as his guardian, had let to Mrs. Ashleigh) on the precise day agreed upon; while his respect for the memory of another lamented friend, the late Mr. Ashleigh, made him reluctant to press hard upon that friend's widow and child. It was a thousand pities Mrs. Ashleigh could not decide at once on her plans; she had had ample time for preparation. A word from me, at this moment, would be an effective kindness. Abbots' House was vacant, with a garden so extensive that the ladies would not miss the country. Another party was after it, but—' 'Say no more,' I cried; 'no party but my dear old friend, Anne Ashleigh, shall have Abbots' House. So that question is settled.' I dismissed Mr. Vigors, sent for my carriage—that is, for Mr. Barker's yellow fly and his best horses—and drove that very day to Kirby Hall, which, though not in this county, is only twenty-five miles distant. I slept there that night. By nine o'clock the next morning I had secured Mrs. Ashleigh's consent, on the promise to save her all trouble, sent for the landlord, settled the rent, lease, agreement; engaged Forbes's vans to remove the furniture from Kirby Hall, told Forbes to begin with the beds. When her own bed came, which was last night, Anne Ashleigh came too. I have seen her this morning. She likes the place, so does Lilian. I asked them to meet you all here to-night; but Mrs. Ashleigh was tired. The last of the furniture was to arrive to-day; and though dear Mrs. Ashleigh is an undecided character, she is not inactive. But it is not only the planning where to put tables and chairs that would have tired her to-day; she has had Mr. Vigors on her hands all the afternoon, and he has been—here's her little note—what are the words? no doubt, 'most overpowering and oppressive'—no, 'most kind and attentive'—different words, but, as applied to Mr. Vigors, they mean the same thing.

"And now next Monday—we must leave them in peace till then—you will all call on the Ashleighs. The Hill knows what is due to itself; it can not delegate to Mr. Vigors, a respectable man indeed, but who does not belong to its set, its own proper course of action toward those who would shelter themselves on its bosom. The Hill can not be kind and attentive, overpowering or oppressive, by proxy. To those new born into its family circle it can not be an indifferent godmother; it has toward them all the feelings of a mother, or of a step-mother, as the case may be. Where it says, 'This can be no child of mine,' it is a step-mother indeed; but, in all those whom I have presented to its arms, it has hitherto, I am proud to say, recognized desirable acquaintances, and to them the Hill has been a Mother. And now, my dear Mr. Sloman, go to your rubber; Poyntz is impatient, though he don't show it. Miss Brabazon, love, oblige us at the piano; something gay, but not very noisy—Mr. Leopold Smythe will turn the leaves for you. Mrs. Bruce, your own favorite set at vingt-un, with four new recruits. Dr. Fenwick, you are like me, don't play cards, and don't care for music: sit here, and talk or not, as you please, while I knit."

The other guests thus disposed of, some at the card-tables, some round the piano, I placed myself at Mrs. Poyntz's side, on a seat niched in the recess of a window, which an evening unusually warm for the month of May permitted to be left open. I was next to one who had known Lilian as a child, one from whom I had learned by what sweet name to call the image which my thoughts had already shrined. How much that I still longed to know she could tell me! But in what form of question could I lead to the subject, yet not betray my absorbing interest in it? Longing to speak, I felt as if stricken dumb; stealing an unquiet glance toward the face beside me, and deeply impressed with that truth which the Hill had long ago reverently acknowledged, that Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was a very superior woman—a very powerful creature.

And there she sat knitting—rapidly, firmly; a woman somewhat on the other side of forty, complexion a bronzed paleness, hair a bronzed brown, in strong ringlets, cropped short behind—handsome hair for a man; lips that, when closed, showed inflexible decision, when speaking, became supple and flexile with an easy humor and a vigilant finesse; eyes of a red hazel, quick but steady; observant, piercing, dauntless eyes; altogether a fine countenance—would have been a very fine countenance in a man; profile sharp, straight, clear-cut, with an expression, when in repose, like that of a sphinx; a frame robust, not corpulent, of middle height, but with an air and carriage that made her appear tall; peculiarly white firm hands, indicative of vigorous health, not a vein visible on the surface.

There she sat knitting, knitting, and I by her side, gazing now on herself, now on her work, with a vague idea that the threads in the skein of my own web of love or of life were passing quick through those noiseless fingers. And, indeed, in every web of romance, the fondest, one of the Parcæ is sure to be some matter-of-fact she, social Destiny, as little akin to romance herself—as was this worldly Queen of the Hill.

BALLADS OF THE WAR.

THE SLAUGHTERED INNOCENT.

"*May* 18.—The long-looked-for letter comes at last, and oh, how much joy it gives me! . . All well at home, and want to see us, but not worse than we want to see them. . . . We both cried over the letter.

"*Sunday, May* 19.—A good old-fashioned sermon from our pastor, Chadwick. Oh! how I love to listen to him! . . . Do, Lord, deliver me from sin and temptation.

"*July* 4.—The memorable day of all days for the American people; we could hear the sound of the enemy's guns, I suppose in celebration of the day. We did not celebrate it; I do not know why; I think we ought to have done so. . . . Would like to know how the home folks spent it.

"*July* 21.—Got up a little after sunrise, broiled my meat, and ate it with old crackers full of bugs—expecting orders to march every moment."

[*From the Diary of a Young Southerner, killed at Bull Run, July* 21.

Simple, sanguine youth!
Loving, lapp'd in love!
Proud, quick, ardent, brave,
All mean things above!

Son, brother, friend,
Faithful to the last,
Eager all to serve—
Young enthusiast!

Not too much refined,
Not too tamely smooth;
Easy to offend,
Easier to soothe.

Proud of all the land,
Glorying in its fame;
Living in its light,
Fearing not its shame!

Hating party strife,
Knowing not its springs;
Caring but for truth,
For the peace it brings.

Demagogueish fiend,
Honest eyes to blind!
Forging subtle words,
Poison to his mind!

Causing him to hate
Union, Country, Flag;
Shouting, "Save your homes—
It is shame to lag!"

Playing on his fears,
Quickening his pride;
Crying, "Glory waits—
What you will, beside!"

Poor deluded boy!
Far away from home,
Wasting with new cares,
Still compelled to roam.

Cheered by buoyant hope—
Dreams of honored state;
Saddened, too, by thoughts,
Shadows of his fate.

On the war-clouds came!
Crazing thunders rolled!
He was every where!—
There he lies, full cold!

Who has murdered him?
Soon his friends will know;
God, who hates a lie,
Will not leave it so.

Other victims wait;
Other faces white
Stare into the sky,
Stare with dreadful might!

Oh the day of wrath!—
But, though Justice come,
Naught may wake the dead,
Sleeping far from home.

THE STAMPEDE FROM HAMPTON.

ON page 524 we illustrate the great stampede of negroes from Hampton, which took place when our troops evacuated that town. A correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the scene:

The departure of the main body of our troops in the vicinity of Hampton was the cause of some of the most extraordinary scenes that it has been my fortune to witness. It became very evident to all that the absence of a reserve force, to prevent a flank and rear movement on the part of the enemy, would make it necessary, or at least a wise measure of precaution, to cause an evacuation of the camp in the village of Hampton, at an early hour, or run the risk of having two or three regiments cut to pieces in detail by the enemy, without a chance of escaping that result, if the enemy appeared in the rear and front, as they might do, and, by destroying the bridge at Hampton, entirely cut off the retreat of the garrison of the village, as well as from succor from the fort. Consequently, at an early hour last night, orders were given to Colonel Weber, of the Twentieth New York regiment, and to the Naval Brigade, to immediately send over their baggage, camp equipage, etc., to the fort, preparatory to a complete evacuation of the place, that night or early this morning. An additional order was also given to the effect that all negroes and Union men, with such effects as they chose to carry with them, be removed from the village last night if possible. When this order was conveyed to those interested a scene ensued which baffles all description. The fear of an immediate attack from the rebels, and the bringing into servitude again of all the negroes, lent wings to the contrabands, who thickly cluster in the village of Hampton, and the hasty preparations for instant flight, and the exodus that followed, were the most laughable and at the same time pitiable sight I ever witnessed. All awakened from their sleep, they seized such articles as they valued the most, and set out in the midnight hours, over a long and lonely road leading to the fort, for that haven in which they looked for comfort and safety that would not be again disturbed. First came the men, some of them bearing in their arms the little picaninnies, who cried and sobbed from fear; others toting household furniture upon their heads, hurrying along lest their masters should finally snatch them from their newly-found freedom, and again send them to the fields under the overseer's whip. Then came women, also bearing their clothes, furniture, bedding, and, in short, every thing that made up their household effects. Children of all ages, sizes, color, and appearance clung to the skirts of the venerable old negro women, who rushed hastily along the road, dragging the children after them, and sharply rebuking their cries and expressions of fear.

So during the entire night, amidst the greatest excitement, and in many cases agony of fear, the road was thronged with transportation wagons, hurrying along loaded with baggage, camp equipage, camp utensils, furniture, and other articles, which jostled the crowd of contrabands hastening along the same route. Artillery, baggage wagons, soldiers, negroes, all manner of vehicles, sped along pell-mell during the entire night, and all made confusion worse confounded.

The day broke, and still the road was traversed by contrabands, each one bearing a load on his or her head, or wheeling a creaking barrow, or perhaps drawing a cart loaded down with furniture. The Naval Brigade held their positions at the redoubt, under arms all night, and ready, with two or three pieces of artillery, which had been left, to sweep the avenues of approach with shot and shell, if the enemy should make an attack. At about ten o'clock I rode over to Hampton, to witness what was expected to be the destruction by fire of the entire village and bridge leading to it. At that time I met, I was about to say, hundreds of slaves, men, women, and children, the women invariably turbaned with a flaming bandana handkerchief, and the children barefooted and without covering to the head. Not a single article of furniture found in this latitude but might have been seen on the heads of these unfortunate creatures, and what was too heavy to carry was placed in the canoes, flatboats, and wherries that dotted the bay, pulled by swarthy sons of Africa. Never was such an exodus seen before in this country.

Arriving at Hampton, after passing squads of soldiers at the bridges and along the roads, we found the village almost deserted, a few soldiers, negroes, some wagons, and one or two officers' horses were all that could be seen in its desolate streets. Turning up the main road, toward Yorktown, where the old county court-house stands, we found the scene of the conflagration, which we first discovered from the fort. A small wooden structure of great age, lately occupied as an Odd Fellows' Hall, was in ruins, and the conflagration had so far destroyed the next building, occupied by the jailer, as to induce them to give up all hopes of saving it, and to turn their attention to the jail, which was then burning. All three of the buildings were totally destroyed, in spite of the efforts of a detachment of Zouaves from the Tenth regiment, who worked the two fire-engines sent up from the fort. At the time I left Hampton the enemy, who were near our earth-works, had sent a flag of truce in to General Butler, by a Captain Rand of the rebel force. I have not learned the object of his mission. Up to the time I close my letter General Butler had not determined to receive the flag. I shall give you the result to-morrow.

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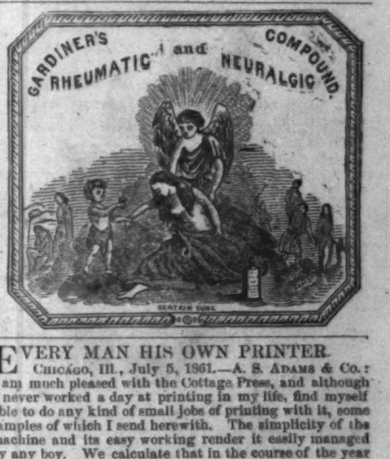

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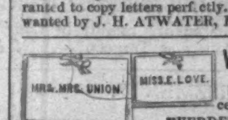

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